

Children's Newspaper, August 7, 1937

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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BLOWING AMERICA AWAY?

See
Page
Seven

TIBET'S HOLY CHILD

The Long Search is Ended

SUPREME RULER ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

Tibet's Holy Child begins from this day to enter on his kingdom, as the Dalai Lama of Tibet.

Nearly three years ago the old Dalai Lama, the supreme ruler on the Roof of the World, was gathered to his ancestors, the Dalai Lamas who had preceded him on that lofty eminence. As he passed on his spirit, as the Tibetans believe, passed into the body of a new-born child. For many months the unknown child Lama was sought; then the Regent of Tibet, governing the land in the interval, saw the child and his birthplace in a vision. But, as so often happens in visions, the details were shadowy, and the search went on. Many children were found but none chosen.

The Tashi Lama's Return

Last year another searcher appeared, one who was vested with higher authority than others. He was the Tashi Lama, the former secular ruler of Tibet, as the Dalai Lama had been its spiritual head; but, quarrelling with the old Dalai, he had fled to China, leaving both spheres of government in his opponent's hands.

When the old Dalai was no more, the Tashi, who had lived in peaceful exile for a number of years, was persuaded by his adherents in China to attempt a return to Tibet, where many would welcome him. The intricacies of Tibetan politics are a sealed book to nearly everybody but the Tibetans, but the Tashi understood. He consented to undertake the journey with a caravan of many animals and an escort of 300.

The way was long, the route dangerous, and the Tashi tarried. He, too, awaited a sign. He found one. Last year, while still outside the borders of the Promised Land, he also had an inspiration. He discovered a child who answered to the signs and tokens of the Regent's vision.

The New Dalai

That was in September of last year. Since then the wise men of Tibet have been considering the discovery in all its bearings. They have now decided that the child, the son of a landowner in the pasture lands of Koko Nor, is the authentic reincarnation. In the circumstances of his birth and in his features he conforms to the description uttered by the old Dalai Lama on his deathbed.

The old Dalai is dead—long live the new Dalai. He will not come of age for 14 years; and it is not too much to assume that the Tashi Lama will be his godfather and the Regent his guide.

MYTHICAL MEN OF THE MOUNTAINS

FROM time to time there comes to light in our own land evidence of the survival of such superstitions that it ill becomes us to scorn the fears and beliefs of primitive people anywhere.

Wherever simple folk live in the vicinity of high mountains, there legend and tradition people the heights with horror. It is the nature of backward people to fear, hate, and even to worship the mysterious. What more natural, then, than that the peoples of India and Tibet should imagine strange creatures

as inhabiting the showy heights of those towering ranges?

They have seen curious tracks in the high-lying snow, and believe them to be traces of giants whom they call the Abominable Snowmen. Europeans have seen these tracks and, half believing, half doubting, have told their tale in our papers at home.

The common sense of Captain Guy Dollman, of the Natural History Museum, seems to have found the solution. There cannot be food far above the

snow-line in the Himalayas, and therefore no sort of men, tall or short, giant or pygmy, can live there. But up to and beyond the lower reaches of the snows there are monkeys haunting the forests which range as high as timber can grow.

These monkeys are four feet high when standing erect, leave big footprints which are made larger by the fact that the hind feet are placed nearly in the track of the forefeet, enlarging the marks into such size and shape as might suggest a human footprint.



A CAMPING HOLIDAY—TASTING THE FIRST MEAL COOKED IN THE OPEN

THE BEETLE BEATS THE BAND

IT was time that somebody measured the energy exerted by that most marvellous of our beetles, the glowworm, in lighting its incomparable lamps. Every night they shine on the Editor's hilltop.

Now one of our greatest scientists, none other than Sir James Jeans, has measured its power.

When the Queen's Hall Orchestra of 110 performers is playing at its loudest, he says, the output of energy is roughly 100 watts, just enough to keep alight one of the smallest lamps in the hall. That is roughly one-tenth of the amperage put out by a glowworm. Obviously, then, the power in the light of a glowworm would suffice to illumine ten such lamps as that which the energy

of the orchestra would keep aglow. Surely a veritable case of the beetle beating the band!

We have read in the dark by the light of a single glowworm; we have known a glowworm, placed with some grass in a glass jar, to serve in place of a lamp for a cyclist's twenty-miles night ride. Rarely are beauty and utility united to such good purpose. The snail is its food, and when we find unbroken snailshells empty in glowworm country we may be almost certain that one of these insects has been there dining.

The fireflies which enchant visitors to the West Indies and tropical South America are cousins of our glowworms. So precious are they, attached to hands

and feet of natives threading the forests by night, that they are captured and cared for like domestic animals.

Caught through the curiosity which attracts them to the lighted ends of sticks carried by the natives, they are netted, confined in gauze-covered boxes, bathed twice a day, and fed on sugarcane. Many a Brazilian beauty is crowned by fireflies, confined in transparent bags of light tulle in the hair and costumes of the fair wearers.

If we could imitate the radiance without heat of the glowworm and the firefly beetle we could floodlight half England at night at the most trifling cost. Sir James Jeans believes that some day we shall discover the secret.

HOME OF 100 BABIES

Foundlings in China THE LITTLE GIRL GIVEN AWAY

When old Captain Coram built his Foundling Hospital in Coram's Fields, where London's loveliest playground now invites her children, it was the all-too-frequent custom for poor mothers to abandon their babies at birth.

This custom still exists in China, and a friend of the C.N. who has lately visited a Foundling Hospital near Shanghai sends us this account of it.

A Sister met us at the gate and asked if we would like to see the babies. She was a young English girl, slender and frail, but glowing with enthusiasm.

She showed us 100 tiny babies, only a few days old, all washed and clothed and tucked into little white cots in a cool, airy room. Some were crying feebly, others were quiet and sweet, cooing, with their serious almond-shaped eyes opened wide in helpless wonder. No child is ever turned away. Last year they received 3000. Never a day passes without four or five newcomers. One day a boatload of 85 arrived from the provinces, sent down by missionaries, for the work of this convent is known all over China.

The Ringleader

These babies are sent to foster-mothers to be cared for in the first three years of their lives; then, at kindergarten age, they return to begin their education. There are 60 in the group at present, all happy and friendly, and so well behaved! They flocked around us and wanted to hold our hands and play.

One adorable, chubby little girl was sturdier than the rest; her skin was clear and soft and her eyes danced with fun. She was quite evidently the ringleader. The Sister told us that she came from a better-class home, but her parents were extremely superstitious. A soothsayer had told them that this bonny child was a piece of bad luck, and would grow up to be a cannibal and eat the whole family; they should give her away.

So here she is. From all appearances the outrageous prediction could not have been more far-fetched, but she is better off here than living at home under such a black cloud of foreboding.

Choice of Careers

At six years old the boys, who are in the minority, are sent to another school to be trained for various trades. The girls have three careers open to them. They may take the ordinary education which includes domestic arts and baby-care, marry, and found homes of their own; they may earn their living doing the fine embroidery for which the convent is famous; or they may train to become missionaries.

They all seem to be amazingly clever with their fingers. The smooth black hair of the girls is cut in a short bob, and a handful on the crown is wound round with bright red cord, two-thirds of the way, leaving a tuft.

The convent was founded 70 years ago. The Sisters are of all nationalities. Many are French. We asked our charming English guide how the institution was supported, and she proudly answered, "By the providence of God." There is no appeal for funds.

A Great Benefactor of Canada

The discoverer of marquis wheat, Sir Charles Saunders, has died in Toronto.

Marquis is one of the most valuable wheats ever produced for breeding, and has led to many other varieties, including some resisting rust, and the Prime Minister of Manitoba declares that the life of Sir Charles Saunders has meant more to the material progress of the West in the last 25 years than the life of any other man.

FIVE REIGNS ON AN ENVELOPE

The Wonderful Stamps

It has no doubt interested many C.N. readers to send letters to their friends stamped with the portraits of three kings and a queen, for all these stamps are current now.

What we think very few C.N. readers have ever done, and what actually may never have been done before, is the sending through the post of a letter stamped with all the British rulers from Queen Victoria till now.

We have this wonderful envelope before us as we write, and it contains five stamps with the total value of 5½d. They are the penny stamp of Queen Victoria, the halfpenny stamp of Edward the Seventh, the twopenny stamp of George the Fifth, the halfpenny stamp of Edward the Eighth, and the Coronation stamp of George the Sixth and Queen Elizabeth. All the stamps are of different colours, and a very fine row they make. Their six portraits embrace five reigns, covering a hundred years.

This unique envelope is addressed to Mr C. E. Stephenson at 33 Woodvale Avenue, South Norwood, and will surely become a museum exhibit as time rolls on.

A POT OF MESSAGE IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

Matlock and Brighton

We gather that certain people in Matlock have been much discontented with four lines in the three-page story of Matlock appearing in Arthur Mee's Book on Derbyshire.

We have no doubt that the three pages as a whole are appreciated, but these lines on Matlock have been the subject of unfriendly comment:

It has sold its beauty for a mess of pottage, or for a pot of message. We remember it as one of Nature's lovely places; it has sunk to the level of a place of many boardings, cheap houses, and mean sights.

It was said by a speaker at a Rotary luncheon that such comments as this made the work of the town's Attraction Committee difficult, but surely what the speaker means is that the spoiling of a beautiful place makes the work of the Committee difficult because it makes the town less attractive.

Is it not to be hoped that those who love Matlock for its natural beauty will be grateful for any protest against the spoiling of it? The C.N. is glad that a writer in the Sunday Times has protested against the spoiling of the South Downs. This is what he says:

The changes during the past ten years on the Rottingdean side are terrifying. Miles of lovely downlands have been converted into a disorderly Wild West Road, with downland slums stretching as far as the eye can reach.

If this is democracy and individual liberty, then we ought to give the Sussex Downs to some wiser nation for colonial administration.

The Downs need a mighty purge. It is a shame, because the new highway along the cliffs is a magnificent engineering job, and could have been one of the loveliest roads in the world. It is very bad luck on Brighton.

If things get any worse the first seaside resort of the Empire may have to put up a screen.

If Matlock and Brighton and all our other lovely places will strive to keep our country beautiful there will be no need of protests, but we all owe it to our country to protest when great advertisers, big builders, or little cheap-jacks set out to spoil it.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Belgaum	Bel-gah-oom
Cappadocia	Cap-pah-doe-she-ah
Esquimaux	Es-kwy-malt
Pomare	Po-mah-ree

CLOSING EUROPE AGAINST ENGLAND

What Napoleon Tried to Do

The hint that Great Britain might under certain circumstances be debarred from trade with Spain recalls a far more formidable threat which was actually put into operation against us.

The whole of Europe was forbidden to trade with us by Napoleon when, as head of a rich empire, lord of seven kingdoms and of thirty principalities, he was still the most powerful man in the world, and was resolved, in spite of Trafalgar, to beat us on land.

The plan was to ruin us financially by banning all British imports into Europe, so that, with our goods left on our hands, we must go bankrupt. Europe might export to us in order to weaken our finances, but not a thing of home or colonial origin was to be bought from us.

Mule Trains

An army of a hundred thousand smugglers sprang into being. Ships did reach forbidden harbours; barges crossed smooth seas by night.

A great trade was organised through Salonika, one of the few places left open. One English firm there had 500 mules, into whose panniers goods were transferred from the ships; and by these animals the forbidden riches were carried over the Balkans to Belgrade, where they were put in barges and carried near and far along the Danube. There were other routes and other methods, and the whole traffic formed a marvellous piece of successful adventure.

The goods so delivered cost their buyers nearly £600 a ton, but the trade went on, for France and Germany had need of our sugar, coffee, cotton, and other articles. It was in vain that Napoleon brought sugar beet into cultivation; our sugar refiners held the field.

So great was the need that Napoleon was driven to issuing secret licences admitting the very things he had forbidden, and (crowning irony!) was himself glad to smuggle in for his own use articles he had denied all Europe.

The Great Plan Fails

Against his will he actually helped to save us. In order to weaken our resources to the utmost he permitted the export of corn to England, for which, of course, we had to pay on delivery, so depleting our money resources. During the strife we had two famine years, and this corn saved multitudes of lives.

It was France and Germany, not ourselves, who were impoverished by the bloodless war. In spite of threats they imported immense quantities of our goods, paying for them at enormous prices by means of money melted down and handed over in the form of gold and silver bars, which Napoleon sorely needed for the campaigns he was planning.

The great plan failed; the most brilliant of all the world's tyrants was defeated by British courage and ingenuity; and the lessons learned in this extraordinary contest have never been forgotten, nor will be.

Farewell to the Quarterboys

Oxford's famous Quarterboys have grown to be very old men, and the time has come for them to be pensioned off.

Wooden figures of the 14th century, they used to strike the quarters in Carfax Tower, where they stood above the busy street. Taken down some months ago, the boys were found to be in a bad state of repair, and it has now been decided to let them spend their declining years in the peaceful sanctuary of the town museum. Their work is to be done by bronze replicas, but it will be long before the new boys of Oxford are as dearly loved as the old boys.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The trouble between China and Japan has led to serious fighting outside Peking and grave consequences are feared.

The Government has given land worth £80,000 for the George the Fifth memorial at Westminster.

Mr Thomas Penfold of Chickereil near Weymouth has died after living over 100 years in a caravan.

Captain Eves of Whitby has presented his own town with a scale model of Captain Cook's Endeavour. Made of oak, the model is on show in Whitby Museum.

A reader at Hope, near Wrexham, writes to say that while digging in the garden he turned up a potato growing on a young brussels sprout, both very healthy.

We hear of Boy Scouts in camp at Billericay who, having found an injured gull starving, were delighted to see that it came regularly to camp for its food, and stayed among them.

Ceylon's most famous decoy elephant has died at 75. Known as Kadira, King of the Kraals, he was without a rival in his strange work of decoying wild elephants into an ambush.

Captain Scott's ship Discovery, which has been given to the Scouts as a training ship, is now permanently moored near the Temple Steps on the Thames Embankment.

The original of Little Lord Fauntleroy, who was Mr Vivian Burnett (Mrs Hodgson Burnett's son), has just passed away in New York, his death being due to a heart attack after helping to rescue four people from drowning.

The Hay Flies

The other day a Cheshire farmer had a bitter shock.

Mr Williams Waring had cut his hay and it was ready for cocking, when suddenly a whirlwind began to stir the hay, and in a few seconds 20 square yards of the field was bare. The hay sailed merrily over the farmhouse and the high elms, and disappeared in the direction of Willaston, five miles away.

The Editor's Garden

The Editor's hilltop at Eynsford in Kent, with its wonderful herbaceous border, is open for the Nurses Fund on August 11.

The hilltop has the finest view of the Darent Valley, perhaps the loveliest valley within an hour of London, and in the middle of the horizon is the highest thing in Kent, the clump of beeches on Ide Hill.

THINGS SEEN

Four people and a dog standing listening to a lark singing on the top of a wall a few feet away.

A motor lorry on a Manchester Road tied up with bits of string.

A newspaper seller in Regent Street wearing a silk top-hat.

A wagtail feeding a young cuckoo day after day at Cowfold in Sussex.

THINGS SAID

Britain needs young men who have the gift of leading others. Sir Henry Price

The soldier and sailor do not make magnificent fortunes, but it is a magnificent life. Headmaster of Tonbridge School

The task of our careers master this year has been not to find jobs for boys but boys for jobs.

Headmaster of Caterham School

I do not know what speed I was doing. I was listening to the wireless, not watching my speedometer.

A motorist fined at Northampton

I would sooner be shot here than imprisoned in my land.

A German to a London magistrate

Beachcombers • Lavender Harvest • Whipsnade Tiger-Cubs



The Beachcombers—An early-morning haul at Gorleston-on-Sea



In Japan—A rice-planting dance in a girls' high school at Tokyo



Prizewinner—This garden at Rayner's Lane Station on the Metropolitan Railway won a first prize in the London Transport station gardens competition



In Russia—Busy little builders find work to do in a children's park in Moscow



Sweet Lavender—At work in a field of lavender at Seal near Sevenoaks, where the harvest has been in progress



A Basketful of Mischief—Tiger-cubs of Whipsnade Zoo being taken for an airing on Dunstable Downs

A FATHER FOLLOWS HIS SON

New Church by an Old Harbour

How often has a father changed his own career to follow his son's?

This question flashed through our mind when we heard the story lying behind the lectern in the new church being built at West Bay in Dorset, the ancient harbour of Bridport.

The lectern was given in 1935 to commemorate the work of William Gape, who has now left the curacy at Bridport to work in another parish. One evening some years ago, when he was travelling for a business firm in the North, Mr Gape was summoned by a wireless S.O.S. to his son's school, where he lay dangerously ill. It was the son's wish to enter the ministry, and when he died the father gave up all and offered himself instead, to live the life his son had hoped to live.

Mr Gape had a share in starting the fund for the new church at West Bay. One chapel is completed, and the services held for many years in a thatched cottage are now held there. £1200 is needed to finish the church.

Bridport's proudest link with the past is her claim to have been making nets and cordage ever since King John sent the order from Dover on May 29, 1213, to the sheriff of Dorset, "that you cause to be made at Bridport, night and day, as many ropes for ships, both large and small, and as many cables as you can."

The same firm which made ropes and sailcloth for Nelson's ships is still making ropes for the Navy.

A Farm For Almost Nothing

Despite all the efforts to improve agricultural conditions, farms in some places are still offered at rubbish prices. Here is an advertisement from Suffolk:

SUFFOLK. 1½ miles main line and market town, 3½ miles Coast. Compact Dairy Farm, 38 Acres. Well-watered meadowland, house, buildings (certified cowhouse 16). Possession. £700.

If the 38 acres were undeveloped land, they would not seem dear at £18 an acre; but the place is a farm, with a house, outbuildings, including a certified cowhouse, hedges, and so on. If the buildings and other improvements are worth only £400 that leaves £300 for the land, or under £8 an acre!

At a penny a square yard, an acre of land works out at roundly £20 an acre. The land of this farm is offered at less than a halfpenny a square yard.

The C.N. has often said that land is cheaper than linoleum, but here land is being almost given away.

The Lament of the Swan

A sad story of two swans comes from a small Surrey village.

Mr and Mrs Swan had built their home on the pond and hatched their family of cygnets, of which they were very proud. On one side of the pond are some gardens, and into one of these gardens Mrs Swan wandered. She found a perambulator on the lawn and took a peep inside it. It happened to be empty, but at that moment someone in the garden, thinking Mrs Swan was going to attack a sleeping child, raised a heavy stick and killed the swan.

Now Mr Swan is searching for his mate. He crosses the road to a shop, where he sees himself reflected in the window. He apparently imagines the reflection to be Mrs Swan, and he pecks gently at the glass, up and down, up and down, trying to tempt her home again. Poor Mr Swan.

WILD LIFE IN THE NEW FOREST

A PROPOSAL has been made to convert the New Forest into a sanctuary for wild life.

This would give us a scene of sheltered loveliness and unspoiled splendour worthy to rank with the vast reserves set aside in British Africa, in Canada, and the United States.

The New Forest contains 140 square miles of land, a hundred miles of it Crown property, the rest in private possession. It contains true forest, great moorlands, heaths, lovely treeless glades, marshes, and many a singing stream. Were it declared a sanctuary where none might kill or collect, we might soon regain a population of wild creatures almost equalling in number and kind those which ranged the forest when Richard and Rufus, the Conqueror's sons, died hunting in it.

Two things alone could not be replaced, the wolf and the wild boar, but deer are still there, with otters, badgers, stoats, weasels, rabbits, squirrels, and practically all the birds that nest with us. It is thought that those driven away by persecution would return to a scene made safe for them.

Were the change effected it would be one of the most dramatic in history, completing a revolution whose progress passes unnoted.

The New Forest, popularly attributed to the Conqueror, was a hunting centre

for the West Saxon Kings. The legend that the Conqueror depopulated the county, destroying its churches and villages, is without historic warrant. The forest was there centuries before his time. In the 18th century we still had 68 forests where the word of the king was law; the Conqueror afforested only 16,800 acres throughout his reign; the New Forest alone measures 92,365 acres, and the bulk of it can never have had soil rich enough for cultivation.

What William really did was to institute new and terrible laws for the preservation of deer and timber. His successors followed his example. Forest law was above the ordinary law; it was administered by a host of men who formed a secret standing army for the king; the forests brought the Crown great revenues; they formed a standing grievance between people and Crown, and in later days helped to swell the tide of indignation which led Charles Stuart to disaster.

Whole counties, Cornwall among them, were royal forests—a fact attended by strange results. Centuries of strife centring about forest laws led in the end to the conversion of these vast sporting preserves into Crown property worked for profit, and from these forests, now called Crown estates, we derive a revenue which more than covers the Civil List of the Royal Family.

Oliver Goldsmith's Old Joke

A LOVER of literature as well as a famous judge, Mr Justice Swift has been sighing over one of the counsel appearing before him at Birmingham assizes, for the learned barrister thought Goldsmith's famous *Elegy* on a dog came from the Vicar of Wakefield.

Perhaps C.N. readers might set their teachers a much stiffer problem in this connection. Where did Oliver get the idea for his famous jest of the man who makes friends with a dog which afterwards bites him, "to gain some private end"? That was before the days of Pasteur, so everybody said the man would die of the bite:

*But soon a wonder came to light
That showed the rogues had lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.*

As it stands the rhyme is simply a joke and a witticism which could not possibly have any relation to reality, but the jest was perhaps 2000 years old when our poet turned it to account, and in its original form it had a meaning, and a bitter one.

The Greeks in their heyday were a witty, shrewd-tongued people, with the profoundest contempt for all nations but their own; and this contempt was expressed by their scholars in irony and sarcasm.

Among the alien people to fall under the lash of the Greek wits were those of Cappadocia in Asia Minor, and it was to ridicule them that this undying jest was coined:

*A viper bit a Cappadocian's hide;
But 'twas the viper, not the man, that died.*

That tells the story in two short lines; Goldsmith took 32 lines to make the same point.

Fortunately, perhaps, for the erring barrister before him Mr Justice Swift did not pursue his inquiry into the history of the jest beyond Goldsmith's day, although the original had been wandering through the literature of nations for centuries before the Irishman seized on it and turned the Cappadocian into a citizen of Islington and the luckless Asian viper into a homeless London dog.

The Ladies of Llangollen

LLANGOLLEN church has a new monument, showing two ladies in tall hats and masculine attire. They are carved on a marble panel, the work of Miss Violet Labouchère.

The ladies the monument commemorates were two of the strangest women known, called the Ladies of Llangollen. One was Lady Eleanor Butler, a descendant of the Duke of Ormonde; the other Sarah Ponsonby, a cousin of the Earl of Bessborough. They planned to live alone about 1774, when Eleanor was perhaps 30, both being determined to have nothing to do with the gay life they were expected to enjoy. Slipping away one day, they found a cottage at Plasnewydd in the lovely vale of Llangollen, settling there in a cottage. They had one servant, Mary Caryl, and simple and uneventful as their days were, they were full of

quiet happiness for these two oddities. For half a century Eleanor and Sarah lived together, and it is said that in all that time neither left the cottage for one night. They were always spoken of as the Ladies of Llangollen, and their devotion to each other, as well as their kindness to the folk round about, made them famous. Very odd ways they had, and there was hardly a tourist in that part of the country who did not try to get an introduction to them. Distinguished foreigners called on them. Anna Seward wrote a poem about them. De Quincey met them on a Welsh ramble.

Year after year these two queer ladies, always dressed rather like men, were the talk of North Wales. Eleanor died in 1829, and Sarah followed two years after, both ladies and their old and faithful servant sleeping in Plasnewydd churchyard.

A LAKE VILLAGE COMES TO LIGHT

A Polish Schoolmaster's Discovery

One day in 1934 a schoolmaster at Biskupin in Poland stopped to look at some wooden piles in the bed of a lake.

He remembered being told that carved wood had sometimes been found thereabouts, and, being curious to know what the piles were, he wrote to Professor Kostrzewski at the University of Posen telling him what he had seen. It was this chance piece of information which led to one of the most interesting discoveries of its kind in recent years.

The piles were part of a lake village so old that it goes back 25 centuries. The village was no doubt destroyed by the water which had long protected it, for there is evidence to show that a great flood broke down its ramparts, and that the little colony was abandoned. It is curious that the mud which gradually covered the remains should have preserved the village almost as perfectly as the lava preserved Pompeii.

No Back Entrance

Excavations at Biskupin have been going forward rapidly since 1934, and over 3000 square yards of the lake village have been brought to light, though it is estimated that seven times as much remains to be unearthed. There is no doubt that Biskupin's ancient lake village (it is thought to have been inhabited somewhere between 700 and 400 years before Christ) will become one of the most important archaeological sights of the country.

Built as a fortress, this wonderfully preserved relic of the days before history covers a small peninsula, with the water of the lake on three sides and a wooden rampart to defend it on the fourth. The rampart, protected by ditches and a wooden fence, circles the entire fortress, protecting the houses which stand in rows within. Round the edge of the fortress runs a narrow street linking a series of transverse streets between the rows of houses. All the houses are of wood. There is only one door to each house, always on the south side, so that if ever a man wished to reach the back of his house he would have to walk the length of his street till he came to the ring-road and then go up the street behind till he reached the back of his own home.

Built Up Without Nails

Built of logs and massive boards fitting into grooved posts, the dwellings have stood firm all these centuries without a single nail. There are no windows, and the roofs were thatched with straw and reeds. About 40 have already been excavated.

That these primitive people used bronze tools and knew something of iron has been proved beyond a doubt. They certainly knew how to make wheels, for one of their wheels together with its axle has come to light. We may look forward to hearing more of this village which has come into the news by accident.

The Birds in the Storm

In a violent storm which broke over the South Coast last month the curator of the Russell-Cotes Museum in Bournemouth saw swifts and seagulls enjoying themselves by soaring in the vertical air currents up to 1000 feet.

The birds were unperturbed by the lightning or the rain, but with easy grace glided earthward and up again.

It is not often that it is possible to see such a distance skyward during a heavy storm. We have ourselves seen birds deliberately flying through the upward jet of a fountain as a refreshing way of getting a bath, and probably these swifts and gulls were doing the same thing on a bigger scale.

A ROMAN HOUSE IN DORSET

Excavations on the site of the Roman house found at Colliton Park in Dorset are proving more interesting every day.

The house, which seems to have been luxuriously appointed, had an elaborate system of central heating; and now that the stoke-hole, sunk below the level of the ground, has come to light an unusual quantity of charcoal, pottery, and animal bones has been found. The heat of the furnace escaped from the walls after circulating under the floors.

Among the tessellated pavements is one with a mosaic pattern in a remarkable state of preservation. The courtyard was flanked by a verandah, and it is thought that there may have been rooms built round the four sides.

LITTLE STOWAWAY

Baby Thomas Miller of Ryhope Colliery near Sunderland is an active two-year-old.

Seeing a motor-car parked in the street, he decided to explore. He found a cubby hole between the spare wheel and the bonnet, and curled up happily.

Then the car started off, and the owner was whisked nine miles before he found his passenger!

SAND-PIES IN THE FIRE STATION

There is a very up-to-date fire station in Salford, the busy city which sits cheek by jowl with Manchester on the Ship Canal.

The superintendent is a kindly man, as well as an efficient one, who takes a great interest in the children of the fire station colony. He has made a big sand-pit for the little ones who live amid such traffic-laden streets. It is in the shelter of a verandah, and has a low wall round it which children love to climb; and (greatest idea of all) a concrete table in the middle on which the children can turn out their pies! The sand is changed at regular intervals.

The chief constable, friend of all Salford children, has closed more streets to traffic, where they may play in safety. The total of playtime streets is now 180. Truly Salford is a children's town.



Obeying Instructions

THE CYCLISTS AND THE DEER

Two cyclists on the road to Magdeburg in Germany were compelled to stop when a deer stood in their way and refused to move.

The cyclists could see that the animal was in pain, and after examining it they found two stalks of straw lodged in its throat. They were able to pluck them out, and the deer went off.

This is the kind of deerstalking about which we like to read.

The Red Lamp and the Barber's Pole

If a bill introduced into the House of Lords becomes law barbers will regain something of their ancient status in our social economy.

This proposes that there should be a board of hairdressers who will prepare a register to which will be admitted masters, assistants, and instructors. After that none but qualified registered persons of good character and ability would be permitted to ply their trade.

Should this come about the barbers will regain something of their old importance. Formerly barbers were doctors, and doctors were barbers, both being brigaded together in the Barber Surgeons Company, one of the old London Guilds.

A GIFT FROM FATHER THAMES

A sword which was in the news last November has been in the news again.

Found on the bed of Father Thames and believed to have been fashioned about 800 years before Christ, this ancient bronze weapon, brought to light at Taplow near Lord Desborough's home, has been presented to his lordship by the Thames Conservancy Board in recognition of his membership of 41 years—33 of them as chairman.

The address presented with the sword recorded the Board's deep appreciation of Lord Desborough's services and of the noble way in which he has guided the deliberations of the Conservators since their reconstitution in 1909.

AT HOME IN THE FUNNEL

It looks as if Captain Bambra will be able to say to a favoured passenger, "Come and have tea with me in the funnel."

His ship is the *Delius*, and she is now on her way to South America. Motor-driven, she needs no funnels, but one has been built for the sake of appearance. As it is of no use for the ordinary purpose to which funnels are put, the builders of the ship have turned it into a disguised cabin for the captain, who may take one step out of his cabin to the captain's deck. There is also room for the wireless operator's station.

Those of us who have been to sea have come to think of the captain's deck as almost a sacred spot. It seems odd to picture the captain shaving in the funnel.

THREE WOMEN IN WHITE DRESSES

In a remote part of Central Australia is a goldfield with a landing ground for an aeroplane.

When the pilot arrived the other day he found that the wind indicator was missing from its usual post. A search was made, and the natives were questioned, and eventually the manager found three women with new white dresses made from the missing indicator.

The thickest end had been taken by an adult aboriginal for a skirt, the next section formed a skirt for a young girl, and the thin end was draped around the waist of a piccaninny.

FROM TIBET TO KEW

Mr B. J. Gould, head of the recent British Mission to Lhasa, has been showing members of the Royal Geographical Society a colour film of Tibet.

For the first time an English audience at home has seen in natural colours the gorgeous robes of Tibetan priests and statesmen, the brightly-painted palaces and monasteries, and all the golden splendour of the dawn over the Himalayas. The film showed great fields of flowers, rhododendrons and azaleas among them, and Mr Gould mentioned that he had brought home a collection of rare mountain plants which are now thriving at Kew. It may not be long before some of Tibet's flowers are making a new wonder in some of our rockeries.

They operated in an age in which few could read, so they put up a pole striped red, blue, and white, symbolising the letting of blood—red for arteries, blue for veins, and white for bandages.

When the company was dissolved and the doctors made an association by themselves, the barbers were permitted to retain poles with white and blue stripes, whereas the surgeons were to add a gallipot and a red flag to their pole. The red flag is gone, but we have a relic of it still in the red lamp which doctors light at nights outside their surgeries.

In the armoury at the Tower are some of the old barber-surgeon poles which once stood outside tents on battlefields.



Trying Out a Model Flying-Boat

PLOUGHING THE SAND

To plough the sand has long been a symbol of wasted time, and there is little wonder that visitors to Bridlington in Yorkshire were puzzled when they saw a man ploughing on the seashore.

No one knew why the man was there or for what reason he could be following the plough over the wet sand near the water's edge. Was he mad? Or was it a new entertainment? Someone even went so far as to suggest that the local authorities intended to plant marine gardens.

The explanation was simple. As the Spring tides had failed to bring up as much sand as usual the experiment of loosening the sand exposed at low tide was tried out in the hope of helping the sea to wash up more sand over a ridge of white boulders.

The experiment is already proving successful.

AN OCEAN LINER'S LITTLE SISTER

Where is the boy who would not love a model liner 60 feet high?

The biggest model of a ship ever made, it has eight decks, with anchors, a chain locker, and strong cables; and it is to be seen in John Brown's shipbuilding yard at Clydebank near Glasgow. Perfect in every detail, the model is the beginning of the Cunard-White Star liner 552. The new liner will carry three anchors forward, and her bow will sweep back like that of a yacht, so fine that she will shear her path through the water with hardly a ripple.

THE LITTLE BASQUES GIVE THANKS

We like this story of a little group of Basque children in one of our English camps. Presented with a pony, they had five times riding him up and down; and then an official told them that it was customary for an Englishman to thank his horse after a ride, meaning that he always patted it.

Next day the little Basques had their ride, and when it was over they stood solemnly in front of the pony and politely raised their hats.

A THIEF MAY BE A GENTLEMAN

From Hungary comes a story of a thief with a conscience.

One day a man in Szegedin discovered that his wallet, in which he had several letters and seven pounds in notes, had vanished. Three days after he received an anonymous letter together with eight pounds in notes. The letter said:

"I robbed you of seven pounds and some papers. As soon as I saw from your letters that your son is ill with tuberculosis I was sorry I had taken the money, for I have a brother suffering from the same illness, and I know how costly it is. I am returning your seven pounds, with an extra pound for you to spend on your son's treatment."

THE HERRING

In one of our big political clubs the M P for a Scottish fishing constituency asked for a herring at breakfast the other day.

The waiter said he was sorry herrings were not on the menu.

The M P wished to know why, and the waiter suggested that possibly they were out of season.

"Nonsense," said the M P. "How can they be out of season when six millions of them have just been landed at Lerwick?"

The waiter was afterwards able to produce one of the six millions.

A FLIGHT WITHOUT A COMPASS

A "pilot" has crossed the Atlantic from Denmark to the Barbados without wireless, without a compass, and without petrol.

The pilot is a tern, which was ringed in Denmark and came to hand in the Barbados just forty days later.

As the distance is about 4800 miles, the bird must have travelled 120 miles a day. We have no record of the route, and the tern has kept no log-book, but the bird can easily do the daily flight in from four to five hours, so that it probably went by the Canary Islands, and from thence was driven across the rest of the way by the winds.

Terns have appeared in the Barbados fairly frequently, but this is, we believe, the first time that a ringed bird has enabled the time and the beginning and end of the journey to be checked.



The new Okapi at the London Zoo

THE LUCKY WALLET

Mr and Mrs Kiernan of Blackburn have fallen on hard times.

He has been out of work (he is a weaver) for ten years, and she has been unemployed too. The other day she went out to spend twopence for dinner (it was their last copper till relief day), when she found a wallet in a shop doorway. She took it home and found a packet of Treasury notes in it, worth £420. She borrowed a newspaper to see if anyone would advertise, and somebody did, with the result that these sorely tried people received £20 for their honesty.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 7

1937

Nation Building

OUR land and our people! Our land, our homes, and our children!

These are fine words, summing up all our activities, past, present, and to come. How many have suffered and died that we might live in some sort of comfort and security! What a heritage!

The nation has become increasingly conscious of itself and its magnificent powers. The Twentieth Century has witnessed a vast change in government activities. Social security was in 1900 a dream of the reformer. Today Parliament is continuously exercised in making plans for social betterment. It was not until 1907 that Old Age Pensions came. It was not until 1919, the year after the close of the Great War, that a Ministry of Health was set up to replace the old Local Government Board.

In the 37 years of our great century so much has been done that *The Treasury now spends on social services per head of the population ten guineas instead of the twenty shillings of a generation ago.*

Our new Minister of Health, Sir Kingsley Wood, has been telling Parliament that since the war some 12 million people have moved into new homes. An excellent record, despite all criticism that the new houses are not ideal.

Much anxiety remains as to the children. The population is not being renewed and the school population is falling. *In 15 years there will be a million fewer children in our schools!* The Minister speaks of enquiry, but more than that is needed. The love of home life needs to be cultivated; it is the true life upon which alone a nation can be built. It is not nation-building to construct gigantic flats whose tenants must seek diversion outside them, and in which there is no room for children.

Above all, a nation means its people as a whole. The Industrial Revolution, which began at the end of the eighteenth century, drove the masses into ill-built towns and today we suffer from that lack of foresight. Now we have full knowledge of the consequence of such things, there is no excuse.

We must take care to preserve for the people the beauty of our homeland, and we should set to work at once to restore to them what is lost by building up new beauty.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Good Name Gone

Is there ever a summer's day when some idiot does not scribble his name on an historic building?

One of these ridiculous people was looking over Bolton Castle a little while ago, and the whitewashed walls of one of the rooms were a temptation he could not resist. While the guide showed the rest of the party round, this litter lout wrote his name on a wall. But the guide saw him, and, wetting his finger, he drew it across the name. Then, loud enough for all to hear, he said, as he looked hard at the culprit, *There now, you've lost your good name.*

The Chances of Life

It has always seemed remarkable to us that anybody should want to read novels in a world like this, surely romantic enough without inventing situations.

We had five minutes talk the other day with a peer of the realm, and in that brief talk discovered two strange facts. Owing to an error he was given three months leave from Gallipoli during the war on the grounds of the serious illness of his wife, arriving home to find her quite well; and owing to an unexpected delay he was prevented from sailing in the Persia, which was torpedoed and sank.

In a Moscow Church

A TRAVELLING correspondent recently home from Russia gives a remarkable account of the survival of Christianity in Russia.

He found in the centre of a working district, in Moscow itself, a large church crammed full. On a Sunday morning there were at least 800 people inside, and they were not all elderly. The building was well heated, the service beautifully sung, the ornaments and vestments magnificent. The church is about 20 minutes' walk from the Park of Rest and Culture Station on the great Metro Railway.

Tennyson Forgets

GREAT men give little thought to the honours heaped upon them, and this was true of Lord Tennyson.

Somebody has just recalled that he was one day listening to a group of friends talking about the House of Lords when he began to speak and then stopped abruptly.

"You were going to say something?" someone asked.

"Yes," Tennyson answered. "I was going to say what I would do if I were a lord, and then I remembered I was one."

Neighbour to All

God made the people that I meet,
The many people great and small,
At home, at school, and in my street:
He made me neighbour to them all.

Mr Mears

THERE was a man who had a clock,
His name was Mr Mears,
He wound it every single night
For thirty-seven years;
But when at last it was found out
An eight-day clock to be,
A madder man than Mr Mears
You could not wish to see.

A Plum Story

FROM the East End Star comes this story of the little boy who was sent to the shop for some plums.

Soon after he reached home his mother was facing the greengrocer. "I paid for two pounds of plums," she declared angrily, "and you have sent me only a pound and a half."

"My scales are correct, madam," said the greengrocer. "Have you weighed your little boy?"

Tip-Cat

SEVERAL thousands of words are to be inserted to explain the new Finance Bill. Money talks.

A HORSE attended his master's wedding. Accompanied the groom.

A MAN tried to telegraph himself. A live wire.

PARIS waiters seem to have struck at the wrong moment. Somebody should have given them the tip.

TEA has gone up during the last year. But a lot has gone down.

Peter Puck Wants To Know

If fishermen
toe the line



CROQUET gets on some people's nerves. It is better on the lawn.

EDUCATION authorities are waking up. Don't want the children to drop off.

BIGGEST crop of hay for years, says a report. Hope it isn't only a newspaper cutting.

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

THE National Union of Teachers sent £100 for the victims of the Staffordshire pit disaster.

TWELVE Scouts are using a Carnegie grant of 1000 dollars to tour the United States.

JUST AN IDEA

Is it not true, as Bishop Wilson once said, that the conduct of our lives is the only proof of the sincerity of our hearts?

You Never Know

By The Pilgrim

WE were talking with the old man in the second-hand bookshop as we turned over the leaves of some very old books.

Presently we looked up to glance at a little customer, a boy of 12 or 13. He had a freckled face and bright eyes, and it seemed odd to see him in that dusty old shop.

"I'll take this one," he was saying, holding out a little volume from the twopenny box at the door.

"Do you often get boys in here?" we asked, when he had gone.

"Not often," was the reply. "That laddie comes in now and then. He bought a book of arithmetic problems the last time he was here. This time it is a history of England. I love to serve a boy like that," he added. "He must have something about him to spend his money on books. He may be a famous surgeon or a great writer some day. You never know."

Tennyson To One Who is in Sorrow

NATURE, so far as in her lies,
Imitates God, and turns her face
To every land beneath the skies,
Counts nothing that she meets with
base,
But lives and loves in every place;

Fills out the homely quickset-screens
And makes the purple lilac ripe,
Steps from her airy hill, and greens
The swamp, where hummed the drop-
ping snipe,
With moss and braided marish-pipe;

And on thy heart a finger lays,
Saying, "Beat quicker, for the time"
Is pleasant, and the woods and ways
Are pleasant, and the beech and lime
Put forth, and feel a gladder clime."

And murmurs of a deeper voice,
Going before to some far shrine,
Teach that sick heart the stronger
choice,
Till all thy life one way incline
With one wide Will that closes thine.
Tennyson

A Listener's Prayer

Eternal God, Who through Thy Holy Spirit art everywhere present, calling us though we hear Thee not, and abiding with us though we know Thee not: we praise Thee for the wonder of Thy universe.

We thank Thee for the wisdom of scientists and the skill of craftsmen whereby its secret forces become servants of the spirit of man.

Grant that all who broadcast may use these forces in Thy service, and that no word or sound may fall from them unworthy of their high calling. Grant that all who speak and all who hear may be led in the way of truth, love, and beauty.

Why Fear?

And why so stupid as to lend an ear
To false alarms of amazing fear?
If evils come not then our fears are
vain;
And if they do dread will increase the
pain.
Sir Thomas More

NATURE'S GIFT TO THE UNITED STATES BEING BLOWN AWAY

THE terrible news came from Canada the other day that dust storms and searing winds had wiped out the wheat crop and thrown 600,000 people idle. A vast part of the Province of Saskatchewan was like a desert, and a lake 30 miles long and half as wide had become a dry bed of burning alkali, which swept across the country like a cloud of smoke.

In Canada, in Africa, and in the United States dust has become news; in the United States it has become so urgent a question that it is suggested that in a hundred years the whole fertile stretches of the country may become a desert. Owing to the destruction of trees the top soil is being blown off the farms.

WE are glad to see that once more these islands are to come to the rescue of the United States, for what is a mere weed with us is to be shipped across the Atlantic to save their farms from being blown away.

If we turn up the poorest heath land in England, forth springs white clover from seeds which have been lying dormant in the soil awaiting some such turn of fortune. White clover will bind the land which winds have been carrying into the skies, and England is the place from which to obtain it. So this weed is being grown by our farmers, and is collected and sent over the ocean to bring new safety and stability to American farms.

THE events of the last seven years seem at last to have convinced the people of the United States that unless drastic steps are taken the great farming areas of the Middle West may become as useless as the Sahara.

As the fine sands of the Gobi Desert sweep across Asia, making Peiping the dustiest city on earth, so has the fine soil of America's Dust Bowl taken to blacking out the light of the sun, filtering into the most closely-sealed houses, hospitals, factories, piling itself up where it is not wanted, sweeping across the continent, pouring itself into the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. The terrific dust storms of recent years have removed 300 million tons of soil from hitherto fruitful regions.

The region affected covers 250,000 square miles, as much land as there

is in Austria, France, and Germany put together. Subject to an average rainfall of 20 inches a year, much of this region has seen far less rain than this for the past seven years, and has endured three severe droughts. Grilling heat and parching winds intensified the effects of the droughts. And, as if that were not trouble enough, there came insect plagues, doing £8,000,000 worth of damage to crops in a single year. Over 500 counties in 16 States suffered.

Then, following last summer's drought, came last winter's floods. These are two aspects of one problem; both scourges arise, in large part, from misuse of the land.

Forty thousand families have given up in despair; 165,000 people have trekked in the hope that they may find better conditions elsewhere. The

drought added two million names to the Government's relief lists last year.

In some districts one house in every four is abandoned; dust-dunes 40 feet high begin to blot out the derelict barns, and the barren land yields only a scant crop of skeletons of animals, dead from thirst or from eating grass so parched that it became poisonous.

In this drought-plagued area recent surveys have determined that 100 millions of acres of land must be abandoned entirely, another 169 million acres have had their fertile top-soil transformed into dust ready to be whirled away by the wind, and 800 million more have lost some of their soil and are in danger of losing it all. One of the great bread-baskets of the world is imperilled. Why?

For countless ages Nature worked ceaselessly preparing the soil of

America. Three times she drove glaciers slowly across its northern regions, wearing deep valleys, grinding rock into soil rich in phosphorus, nitrogen, and potassium. Gradually she formed the Great Lakes, tempering the climate of the vast Middle West. Throughout centuries she charged the Mississippi, Father of Waters, with the power of laying down a vast alluvial floor at its mouth, land more fertile than the valley of the Nile. Silently she grew her great forests from the Atlantic shores westward; across the great plains she spread deep grass; farther on, a great carpet of short grass. Leaping the wild Rocky Mountains, she spread mantles of forest down the steep hillsides to the West, cherishing there the oldest trees on earth; then, along the shores of the Pacific, she planted the soft coastal valleys with grass and a garden of wild flowers.

White Men Who Disturbed the Work of Nature

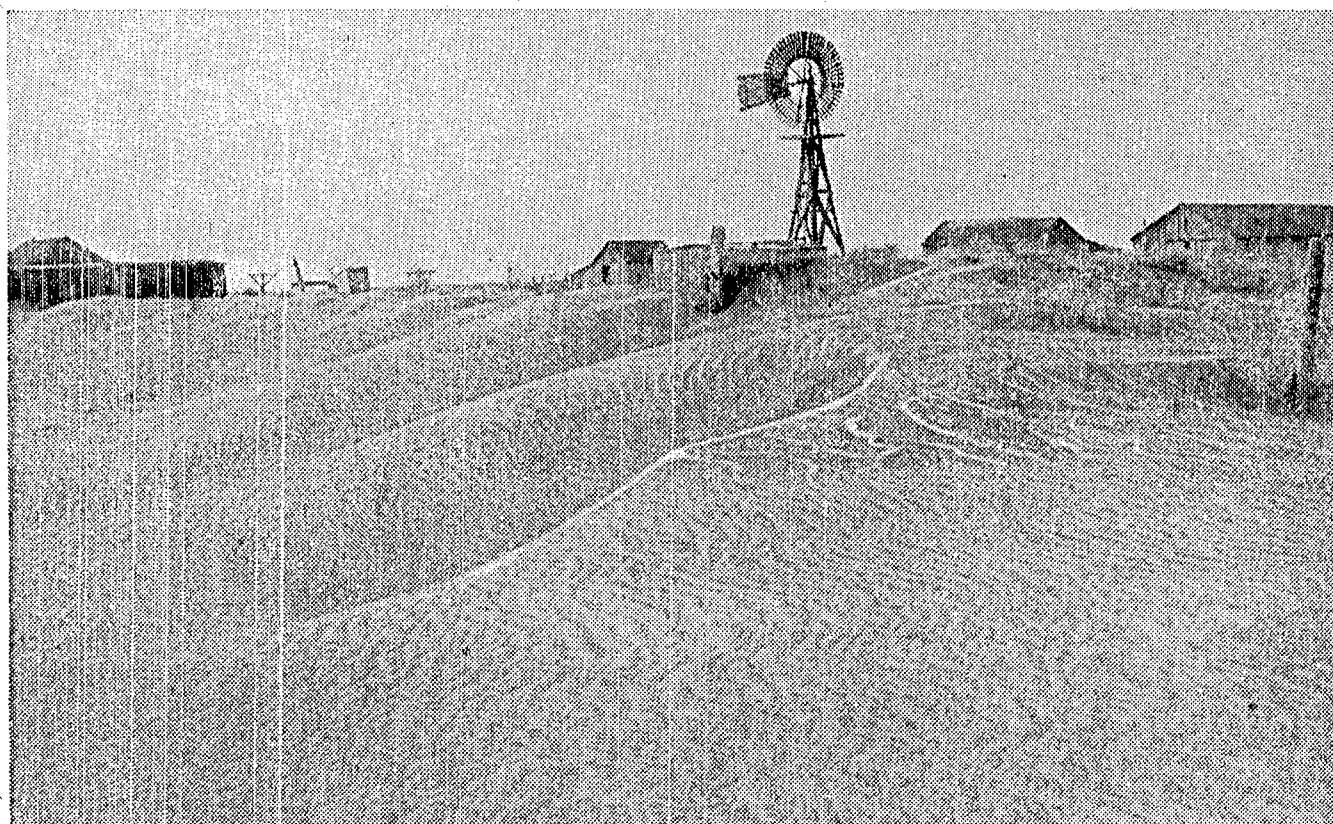
IN these varied scenes lived thousands of kinds of her finned, feathered, and furry children—deer, antelope, elk, mountain sheep, beaver, bears, wolves, buffaloes, ducks, geese, grouse, prairie chickens, turkeys, trout, salmon, perch, pickerel—all hunted and hunting, enjoying the sun, wind, and rain and the march of the seasons.

Among them, during perhaps the last 4000 years, moved other creatures with sure, light tread, the bronze-skinned Red Indians. This sparse population, scattered over the vast stretches of land, did not disturb Nature's work.

Then came another sort of folk—men with white skins and firearms. For a time they too made but small impression on Nature's plan for the continent. They hewed a few trees for their cabins, ploughed small clearings for food, grazed a few animals, went hunting and trapping. As long as they sought no more than food for their families they did little



Protection against dust for man and horses



An abandoned farm in Oklahoma with dunes of dust piled against boundary fences

The Dust Storm Blowing Over the Great

harm; but gradually these men got the idea that they could conquer this continent, grow rich, break all records, sell food to the world, dig gold, copper, coal, oil, grow richer and richer and richer. The news of their vast projects spread; people poured in from all the nations of Europe to join in the scramble for wealth. For hundreds of thousands of years Nature had worked to store up her riches; in a brief 100 years man had despoiled her. Now she takes her revenge. Nature can be made a comrade and an ally, but she cannot be made a slave. She brooks no dictatorships long.

The Great Fortunes That Grew Up in Chicago

WITHOUT a thought for the future forests were felled to make fortunes; 300 million acres of woodland were exploited and needlessly ruined. The great grass-covered prairies were ploughed and sown to wheat. Twenty bushels to the acre was the expected yield, then thirty, forty, even fifty; and this year after year. Rotation of crops was too tiresome; there was money in wheat.

Cattle were grazed over every available range, then shipped to Chicago, where a huge meat-packing industry grew up to deal with them. The fortunes of the cattle-kings blossomed like poison plants on the American scene. More and more! was the cry. More and more cattle meant more and more money; nobody paused to reflect that they also meant less and less grass. When one range was exhausted they moved on to another. Where cattle could no longer find food, sheep could. They nibbled the very roots of the grass.

The pace was well under weigh when the Great War broke out. More flour and more meat were required by the countries at war. And that meant more money. It was the day of the tractor and reaper. A man could harvest and sell as much grain

as he could sow. Farmers went into debt to buy more land and machinery to make bigger profits. In one State alone, Kansas, the pre-war five million acres of wheat were increased to twelve by the war-time demand. Then America joined the war, and Patriotism added its sanction to profit as an excuse for farming more acres more recklessly.

The war-need passed, then came the Depression; and with the Depression came drought. The first drought and the second did not wear down the spirit of optimism that the "conquest" of the continent had engendered. All that was needed, Americans thought, was rain and better prices to bring back the good old days of prosperity. The experts knew better. For years they had been warning the nation that it was wantonly plundering its resources, but they were voices crying in the wilderness.

The third drought, last summer, caused a whole people to pause and take stock. The National Resources Committee was formed to survey the situation. They reported that:

Most of the territory occupied by the United States is not naturally suited for a permanent civilisation. It is like the land of the Mayas in Yucatan or the land of Babylon—a rich country where a civilisation can flash into a blaze of glory and then collapse in a few generations into ruin. Our soil is not enriched by the usual methods of cultivation, but impoverished. By the normal processes of our farming, our mining, and our lumbering we create a desert. Americans need to realise that all other national hopes and aspirations are secondary to the question whether we can continue to eat.

Any nation whose land turns into a desert must take measures to preserve the land, or it will surely die.

The Plucky Spirit of the Farmers

THE chairman of another committee, reporting on the needs of that vast area, said, "If the nation is to be saved it must be established that individual possession of land does not carry with it the right to ruin."

One asset behind these committees is the plucky spirit of the farmers themselves, chastened by suffering, but still able to make jokes of their plight. Here are two samples:

"Sue, better make up the couch in the front room. Uncle Si will be along soon. I just saw his farm go by."

Motorist, looking at a small cloud in the brazen sky: "Looks like rain."

Old Man: "Wal, I hope so—not so much for myself as for the boy here. I've seen it rain."

Four Stages of a Plan to Save the Land

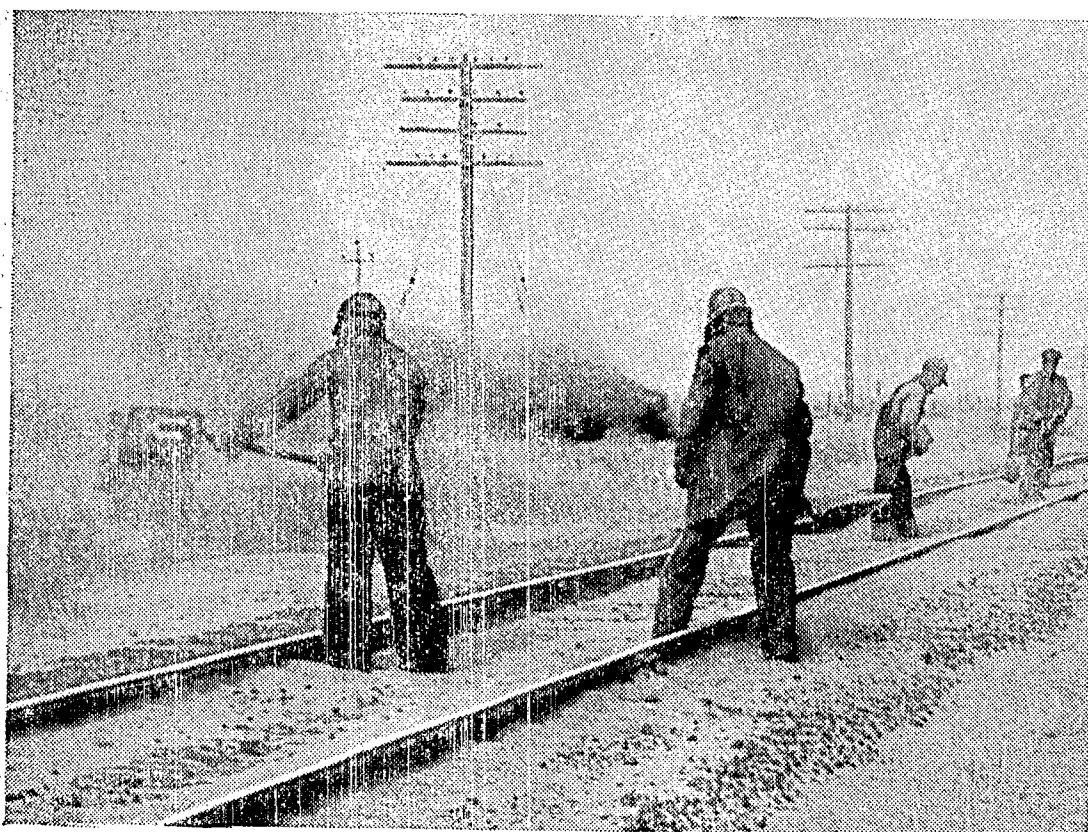
As a matter of fact, when rain does come to this afflicted area it does more harm than good, adding water erosion to the damage wrought by the wind. The roots of the trees that once held the soil in place and drank up the moisture are gone; the deep-rooted grass that carpeted the earth has been ploughed under. The dry earth bakes in cakes and the water runs down the crevices and is lost. Wells must be dug ever deeper and deeper before water is reached.

Now that the situation is realised, what is to be done? Mr Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, says the fate of the United States will be decided in the next thirty years. A carefully laid plan of action, faithfully executed, without thought of personal gain, can save the country in one generation. This plan must have four stages: Finding out, with scientific exactness, just how things are. Organising for action, which means allotting to the Federal Government, the States, the local communities, and the individual farmers their parts in the scheme. Taking immediate steps to prevent further erosion. Deciding on the long-term policies that will restore the balance of nature, which alone will keep the country productive.

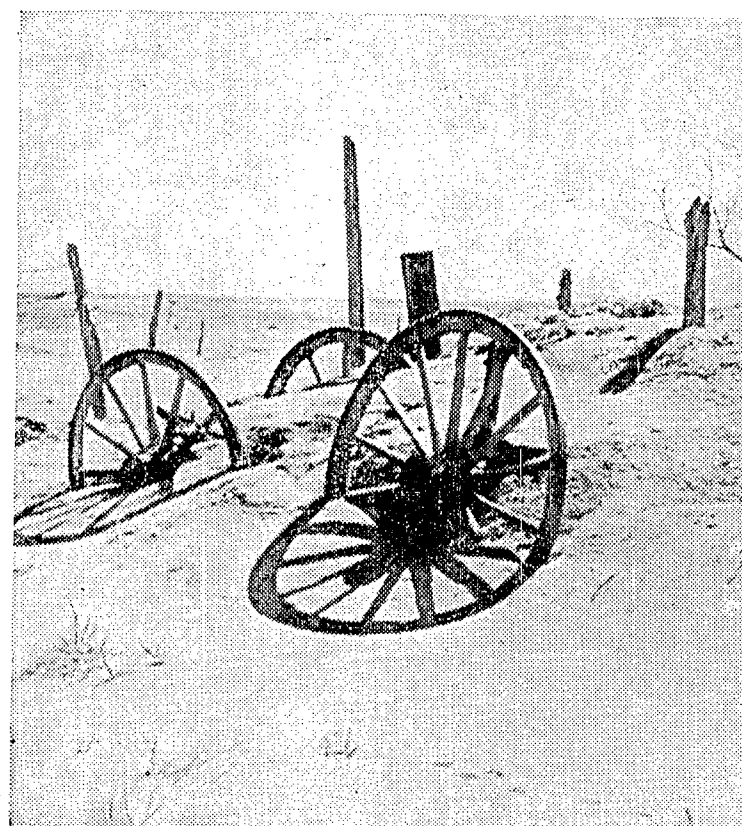
Luckily this problem faces the nation at the fullness of its power, when it is able, if it wills, to shape



A "black

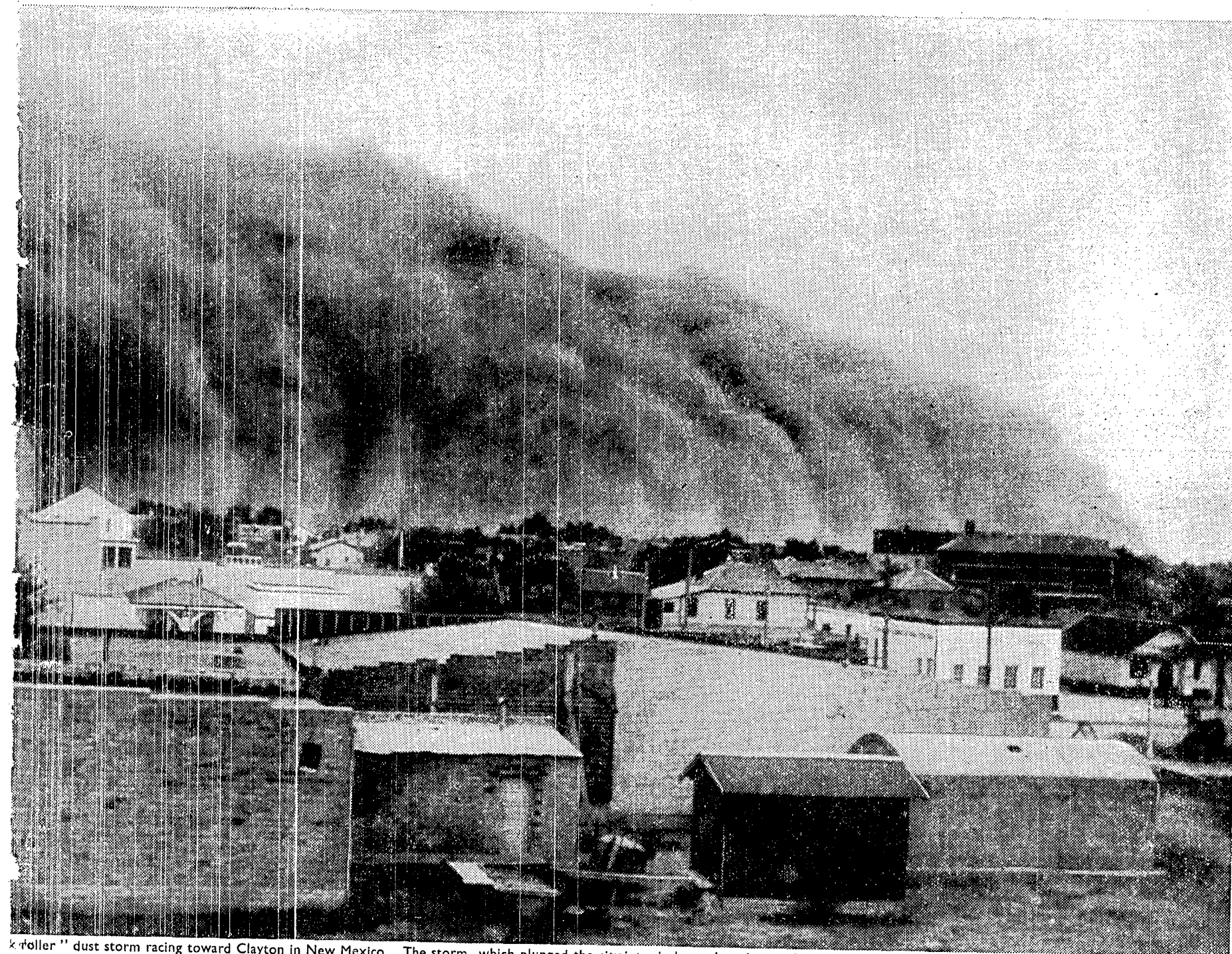


Clearing dust from the railway track near Syracuse in Kansas

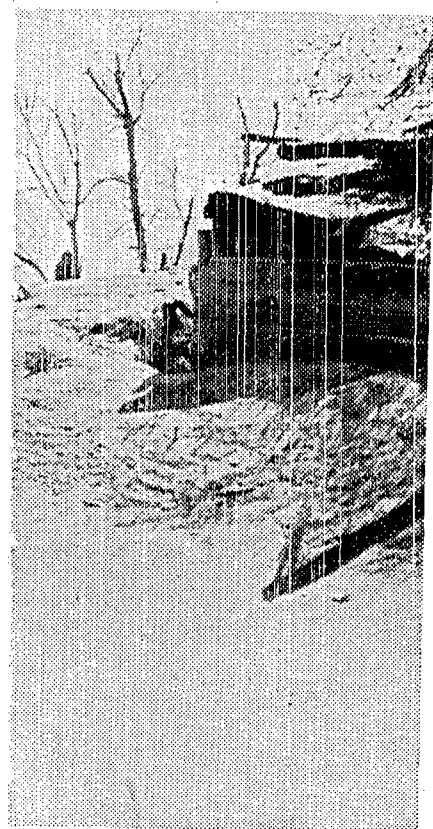


A tale of ruin in an agricultural district near Boise

Middle West Like the Shadow of Doom



"Killer" dust storm racing toward Clayton in New Mexico. The storm, which plunged the city into darkness, lasted several hours and was followed by rain



City, Oklahoma

its own destiny. To the diehards who exclaim, "But think of the money it will cost!" Mr. Roosevelt has replied, "Matters more important than costs are being discussed at the moment."

Mr. Roosevelt proposes to create seven regional authorities, each with the power to plan and carry out such work as is needed to prevent floods and erosion and to develop and control the water resources of the whole area. He has already demonstrated the practical nature of this plan in the valley of the Tennessee River, where the Tennessee Valley Authority is at work on a great scheme for the social and economic reconstruction of a whole district.

CN readers know of the scheme, adopted three years ago, when £3,000,000 was voted to plant a wind-brake of trees running from north to south of the continent on nine million acres. This summer sees 50 million young trees planted according to plan.

The Government have also set out to improve the situation by building dams, experimenting in the control of insect pests, helping families in the stricken areas to move to better land or to enlarge their holdings and farm

them on different lines, carrying on agricultural experiments.

State Planning Boards have been established in 46 of the 48 States. Their task is to cooperate with their sister States in zoning the land and determining its proper use, revising the laws and taxes that bear heavily on the impoverished farmer, encouraging the formation of cooperative associations to prevent over-grazing.

Teaching the Farmers To Alter Their Ways

AGRICULTURAL demonstration stations and farm advisers are doing all in their power to persuade the individual farmers to alter their ways—to plant wind-brakes, hedges, and shrubs; to cover sandy soil with clover and rye; to plough in lines like those on a contour map instead of at right-angles, so that each furrow helps to hold moisture; to adapt their crops to the soil's need for moisture and nourishment; to farm, in short, for the good of the land.

Two factors endanger these plans. One is partial recovery of a part of the dust-bowl this year, thanks to a better rainfall and more intelligent farming. This has brought back the

old spirit of optimism that resents interference.

"Seems like people are interested now in doing something about soil blowing," said one farmer to his friend, "Don't fool yerself," said the other. "Just wait till we get two good wheat years in a row, and good prices; then see what happens! You can't make me believe we have learned our lesson so it will stick."

The other danger to the programme outlined by President Roosevelt is that it will receive only half-hearted support because many people feel that it is built on a faulty foundation. It attempts to establish the individual, one-family homestead as the agricultural unit, whereas collective or cooperative farming managed on a larger scale can produce better results at a much lower cost.

However, as Mr. Roosevelt says, "I tell you frankly, it is a new and untrod path." Undoubtedly many features of the scheme will be altered and adapted as they are tried out.

In this great struggle for the future of the land we see illustrated once again the desperate race between Education and Disaster.

Three Centuries Ago This Week Died Shakespeare's Friend

It is three hundred years this week since Shakespeare's friend Ben Jonson died. It was he who wrote the glowing tribute to Shakespeare which is the eternal answer to the foolish people who say that Shakespeare did not write the plays.

As a dramatist he came next to Shakespeare. But it was long before real success came to him. Poverty claimed him again before he died. His grandfather came from Annandale in Scotland. His father, a minister, died before he was born. He was born at Westminster about 1572. He was brought up in a very poor home. But a good friend sent him to Westminster School. He justified this help by reaching the Sixth Form. He was ever grateful to his master, William Camden. After school his stepfather made him a bricklayer. From this drudgery he fled to the army in Flanders. When he returned he married and became an actor. Challenged to a duel, he unhappily slew his opponent. For this he was arrested and imprisoned. It is agreed that he fought only in self-defence. The event was never recalled to his discredit.

Just before the duel he had written his first play. He called it *Every Man in His Humour*. By Humour he meant oddities of fashion or manners. Shakespeare and Richard Burbage acted in this play. Jonson attracted the interest of Queen Elizabeth. He aroused the anger of the town by his satire. He also aroused anger by his support of boy actors. Boy actors were a cause of a famous stage quarrel. In this Ben Jonson gave and took severe blows.

His best days were in the time of James the First. He wrote masques for festive occasions at Court. The Queen and her lords and ladies took part. They were poetical plays with music and dancing. The great Inigo Jones devised scenery for them.



Famous people now welcomed Jonson to their homes. Francis Bacon and Walter Raleigh were his friends.

Younger poets were proud to be called his sons. The King appointed him Poet Laureate in 1616. Oxford and Cambridge gave him the degree of M.A. At 46 he walked all the way to Edinburgh and back. He was made a burgess and was banqueted there.

He stayed with the poet Drummond at Hawthornden. Drummond preserved notes of his conversations. These notes throw much light on his time. Once a fire destroyed his library and manuscripts. He helped Raleigh to write his *History of the World*. He went to France as tutor to Raleigh's son. He walked round London with old John Stow.

He wrote two tragedies, 14 comedies, 30 masques. His comedies are a guide to the London of his day.

Among his poems is a fine picture of Penshurst. He wrote the famous song *Drink to Me Only*. He wrote a famous tribute to Shakespeare. It is the only word-portrait of Shakespeare by a friend. He left unfinished a pastoral play, *The Sad Shepherd*. It is one of the most beautiful of his works. He was one of the great makers of modern English. He left behind him notes for an English Grammar. He also left a commonplace book, his *Discoveries*. This contains valuable commentaries on his reading. He was a master critic of literature. His work shows his deep study of the classics.

He smote with vigour all sorts of vice and quackery. In his old age he fell upon great ill-fortune. He was afflicted by poverty and incurable illness. His wife and children all died before him. He passed away on the sixth of August, 1637. He was laid to rest in the nave of Westminster Abbey. He was given a small space, in which he stands up. It is under a stone marked *O Rare Ben Jonson*. So he was, a glowing figure, Rare Ben Jonson.

Three Centuries Ago Next Week Died Milton's Friend

It was ideal for crossing from England to Ireland on August 10, 1637. Old Chester was bathed in sunshine, and the estuary of the Dee (then wider and deeper than now) was a blue ribbon under a blue sky, the Welsh mountains rising to the south, the green hills of the Wirral Peninsula to the north. There was little wind, and a ship sailing down the estuary moved slowly by Neston and Parkgate, Cheshire villages which still keep something to show of the old days; and many a sailor must have been keeping an eye on her white sails as she went out to meet the open sea. Then she vanished, and with her went a young man John Milton loved.

He was Edward King, born in Ireland, where his father was a civil officer. He went to school in London and then to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he had Milton for his friend.

There was much to draw the two together. Milton was two years Edward's senior, but both were neat and precise; both were lovers of scholarship and well versed in Greek and Latin; and both

were poets. Between them was a friendly rivalry in the writing of verse, and many were the long walks and talks they had in the happy years they spent together. They were looking forward to a long friendship and an even greater happiness when tragedy occurred.

It came without warning. Edward, then about 25, had finished the summer term at Cambridge, and was going back to Ireland to see his brother and two sisters. He sailed from Chester, the little vessel coasting down the estuary with every likelihood of a pleasant crossing. Off the Welsh coast she struck a rock, sinking almost immediately. All on board perished except three or four who crowded into a little boat. It is to them that we owe our knowledge of the fine way in which Edward met his death on that bright, calm day 300 years ago next week, for they spoke of his unflinching courage, of his refusal to endanger the lives of others by taking a place in the boat, and of the way in which he knelt down and prayed till the

ship foundered and the waters closed over his head for ever.

His death was a severe loss to Cambridge, and many verses were written to his memory. In a collection of these published in 1638 Milton's poem comes last, but it is the one that is best remembered. He calls his friend Lycidas, and of him he wrote:

*Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude.
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.*

It is in this poem, written with a full heart, that Milton gives us the famous lines:

*Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days.*

Twenty-Five Years Ago This Appeared in the CN

Down Into the Heart of Vesuvius. After many unsuccessful attempts, Professor Malladra, of the Royal Observatory of Vesuvius, has, with the help of an old servant, descended into the smoky crater of the famous volcano.

They started from the edge of the burning mountain, just where it faces the ancient town of Pompeii, which it buried under lava and ashes more than eighteen hundred years ago. By means of a rope 450 feet long they descended the first gigantic wall cast up by various eruptions. At the bottom they came upon a wide, sloping ledge of lava, in which several new smoking holes opened as the daring adventurers went down over the red incline. Then came a dangerous side wall, 160 feet in depth.

Wherever the two men placed their feet burning vents appeared in the soil and poured out choking fumes;

but they lowered themselves with their ropes to the bottom of the side wall, and then began to descend another gigantic steep of lava. All around them the hot stuff broke and crumbled, and great masses crashed into the volcano, filling the air with dust and fine ashes. The professor's hands were badly cut, and a big stone struck his hat, but happily did not hurt him. The servant was less fortunate, for a piece of rock struck him on the head and dazed him; but he recovered, resolute to go on with this strange and terrible exploration.

After a while the two came to a bare, deep, and upright wall, where the professor found a fairly easy passage in a break between two ridges of lava. His triumph was short, however, for all the rope was now used, and beneath the two adventurers there appeared a

smooth, sudden slope of 250 feet down to the burning floor of the flaming mountain. Still they refused to give up the fearful task they had set themselves, but as it was impossible to climb down the slope the professor sat down and slid to the bottom, and the servant followed him!

Bruised and exhausted by this terrible tobogganing, they swept on to the bottom of the volcano. There only a crust of hot lava separated them from what seemed to be an appalling sea of liquid fire.

A horrible sulphurous smoke rose up all round them, choking and well-nigh suffocating them. But they were afraid to stand up and get their heads above the hot deadly fumes, lest the crust should give way beneath them. They had to crawl about with great caution on their hands and knees.

In this way they explored the crater, and found it to be 1500 feet across. They then took photographs, measured the heat with the instruments they had brought, collected specimens of the salts and minerals in the heart of the volcano, and planted a flag!

The heat was dreadful, and at last the two bruised and wounded men could bear it no longer. So they started to climb back, struggling with all their might, and clutching at every little projection. Happily they had taken food with them, and when their strength was renewed they found that climbing up was easier than climbing down. In two hours they were safe on the top again, with a lot of new knowledge about Vesuvius which will be very useful in studying the volcano so as to give warning when eruptions are likely to occur.

THE KING AND THE CASTLE

A Sussex Discovery

Mr Hugh Braun, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, has lately discovered a Norman castle which is not in Arthur Mee's Book of Sussex, for it has never been noticed before.

It is near Channellsbrook Farm, two miles from Horsham, and its plan is nearly unique in England, consisting of an oval earthwork cut into two by a curved ditch. This arrangement is an improvement on the simple mound or ringwork favoured by the friends of the Conqueror, and suggests that the castle was erected in leisurely times, though it cannot have been very long after his day, for the absence of stone shows that the buildings were of wood.

Mr Braun suggests that the place was put up about 1100 by William or Philip de Braose as a residential castle on the northern edge of their hunting park, now St Leonard's Forest.

Some years later the stream which still flows here was diverted to form a moat, the earlier dry ditches being altered in shape to take the water.

Since then the northern side of the mound has been moved, and the castle has been otherwise unfitted for defence. This was probably a result of the Treaty of Wallingford in 1154, when King Stephen agreed that Queen Maud's son Henry should ascend the throne. Every castle was filled with devils and evil men, says the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and Henry the Second made a bid for safety by levelling to the ground nearly 400 of them, and this Sussex stronghold disappeared in his reign, to be discovered only the other day.

FARM LAND FROM THE SEA

Good Result of an Earthquake

CN readers have read much of the recovery of land in Napier Harbour since the earthquake of 1931. Now we hear another story of this famous place.

On an area of 36 acres which was tidal mudflat before the earthquake a farmer living near Napier, New Zealand, has been growing some wonderful crops.

The bed of Napier's shallow inner harbour was raised several feet by the earthquake over seven years ago, which laid the business portion of Napier in ruins. Land formerly invaded by the tide is now valuable farm land.

One farmer who ploughed up 36 acres of mudflat now left high and dry finds that sheep and cattle which are in poor condition soon recuperate on this new land, because the pasture contains valuable mineral substances left there as the result of the long soaking by the sea.

Wonderful crops of mangels, turnips, carrots, and melons have also been grown on this area.

Hundreds of acres of this reclaimed land has still to be turned into farms by the Napier Harbour Board, which finds itself the possessor of both land and water instead of just a harbour, as before the earthquake.

Drink and the Car

The grave scandal of the drinking motorist continues. The other day a woman driver was punished for driving under the influence of drink; she was found to have two bottles of whisky in her car.

In Germany the drinking driver is to be treated as he deserves. Herr Himmler, Chief of the German Police, has ordered that any road user who endangers life by drunkenness is to be treated as a common criminal, liable to immediate arrest.

The Wonderful Oil on Which Our Cars and Planes Depend

It is not surprising that the search for oil goes on continually, though no good fortune has yet attended it in England.

Petroleum was known to the ancients, but it was not obtained on a considerable scale until modern times. Herodotus describes the oil wells near Babylon, and the Chinese used petroleum ages ago, as they also used coal and silk and paper and paper money. Less than a century has elapsed, however, since the industry was seriously developed.

As pumped up from the rocks, petroleum is a dark unpleasant liquid of a most repellent and permeating odour. It is found in porous rock of limestone or sandstone; oil-sand, the industry calls it. It is found at various depths, sometimes as great as 5000 feet. By various heating processes the crude oil yields petrol, paraffin, fuel oil, lubricating oil.

Special ships transport petroleum about the world, and those who work in them receive extra pay, for the service is both dangerous and unpleasant. Everything on board an oil tanker becomes permeated with the odour, and

it is surprising to learn that seamen will serve on such vessels for an extra 5s a week.

No one knows how much oil is contained in the world's rocks, and new discoveries continue to lengthen the estimated life of the product. Certain it is, however, that the world's petroleum will be exhausted in the not distant future.

Here and now the output rapidly increases. Last year the world produced 247 million tons, as against 227 million in 1935.

America is ahead of all other producers; she actually produces more than half the entire world's output; last year 149 million tons. Russia comes next with 27 millions and Venezuela third with 23 millions. These three countries thus produce nearly 200 out of 247 millions! Rumania is the only European producer of importance, and her output is only nine millions. Persia yields eight millions.

The oil supply is thus concentrated in America and Russia; yet all nations call urgently and increasingly for a fuel on which modern transport by road and air is founded.

900 Toys You Cannot Buy

ONE of the most interesting shops in England has just been opened, a shop where all will want to buy but nobody may.

It is the latest addition to the arcade of old-time shops at the Abbey Folk Park, New Barnet.

The contents are Victorian, or at any rate 19th century, but the shop dates from 1750, and is a double-fronted structure with two bow windows, pilasters at the side, and the original panelling and cupboards all in position. The shop is stocked with nearly 900 toys.

There are dolls of every period, with crinolines and with bustles, with wooden faces and movable arms, and doll's furniture of every shape and kind. One of the most popular features is a doll's wedding of 1885, with 19 dolls, including a clergyman, and with a most elaborate wedding breakfast: wine bottles and miniature wineglasses, plates and dishes, and even food artfully made in plaster and painted to look like the real thing.

Turning to the boy's section we find lead soldiers and tops, a horse-drawn

bus of 1850, and, perhaps most interesting of all, a mechanical train which will still run, with railway lines, station, guards, and even passengers, signals, and the like. It is of 1885, and no doubt was a fairly accurate model of the train of that date.

Another curious toy is the wheel of life, the forerunner of the cinema. It is a large iron cylinder with slits in the sides, and inside are strips of paper containing figures of clowns, acrobats, and so on. Revolve the wheel and look through the slits, and the figures apparently come to life, turn somersaults, and jump through hoops.

One character in the shop has already endeared herself to every youthful visitor, and that is Winifred. Winifred was born about 1888 and wears well. She still cries Mamma if you pull a secret string, but is rather a two-faced jade, for at one moment she will be howling, with her mouth wide open and her face puckered up, and the next she is all smiles. The secret is that her head revolves under her bonnet, and she is two-faced!

Jimmie of Tower Hill

HE is to be seen almost every weekday between 11 in the morning and five in the afternoon, a magnificent six year old bay, one of the finest cart horses in London. His work is to give a helping hand (or four helping legs) to the dray horses on Tower Hill, and he belongs to the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor.

Young, strong, and vigorous, he is an aristocrat among horses, having a groom to look after him, working only five days a week, and spending his week-ends in the green fields. Everyone on Tower Hill knows Jimmie. The owner of a fruit stall near the entrance to the Tower knows him, for Jimmie has more than once raided the stall. The children of the small day nursery know him; for he will not pass the door till they have given him a lump of sugar. The other horses know him, and the carters have discovered that their horses will make no attempt to pull even the lightest loads up Tower Hill if Jimmie has given a hand once or twice before.

One of only three trace-horses left in London, Jimmie is in an illustrious succession. For years London had seven trace horses helping to pull

heavy loads up Archway Hill in Highgate, Wimbledon Hill, Notting Hill, Grosvenor Place, Stanmore Hill, Church Street in Kensington, and Putney Hill. Now there is Jimmie straining every nerve in his massive body as he marches up Tower Hill, and there are trace horses at Grosvenor Place (which has a big chestnut often seen helping vehicles up Hamilton Place as far as the Dorchester Hotel) and at Wimbledon.

Wimbledon Jack has been making loads lighter for about 30 years, and is still going strong.

When he first got into harness he pulled about 4200 carts a year, but now he draws 2000 or so.

The Motley Crew

It is a sad thing that pickpockets abound at the International Exhibition in Paris, 31 of them being arrested the other day.

There were five Frenchmen, six Algerians, five Poles, three Turks, three Greeks, three Spaniards, one Rumanian, four Italians, and one Jugo-Slav.

We are glad there was no Englishmen among this motley crew.

IN PRAISE OF THE CHIMNEY

And a Word For the Gas Heater

No air is so good as fresh air, and the CN is its stalwart supporter.

In supporting its claims we recently referred to the help afforded by another ally, the chimney, which by its upward draught brings fresh air into the dwelling-room or the office by way of the door or window to the grate.

But while doing so we spoke of the poisons of combustion of the gas-stoves, which have replaced the old-fashioned coal fire, but which till a few years ago also were generally placed so as to send their fumes up the chimney.

To this the Gas Light and Coke Company reasonably replied that the phrase "poisons of combustion" cannot be applied to the products of the hundreds of thousands of flueless gas heaters, fires, and radiators installed over the country. They do not produce poisons and they consume their own products of combustion.

The Best Ventilator

That is not to be denied, and the advantages of these compact and efficient heaters, smokeless and dustless, are of indisputable service, especially in modern blocks of flats and offices. There is one block of flats in London without chimneys, and from it comes no cry for fresh air.

At the same time, any heating apparatus will make stale the air of a room, unless the air is constantly renewed, even if the combustion produces no greater excess of carbon dioxide in the apartment than the people who are in it, and who are themselves flueless gas heaters and producers. Without ventilation the ill effects would make themselves felt; and the uses of chimneys to take away the combustion products are admitted in the case of geysers, for the geyser user is always recommended to have a vent chimney and to keep the window open.

Ventilation is the reason, and there is no ventilator better than the old-fashioned chimney.

LESS NOISE

Sight-Seeing Coaches Please Note

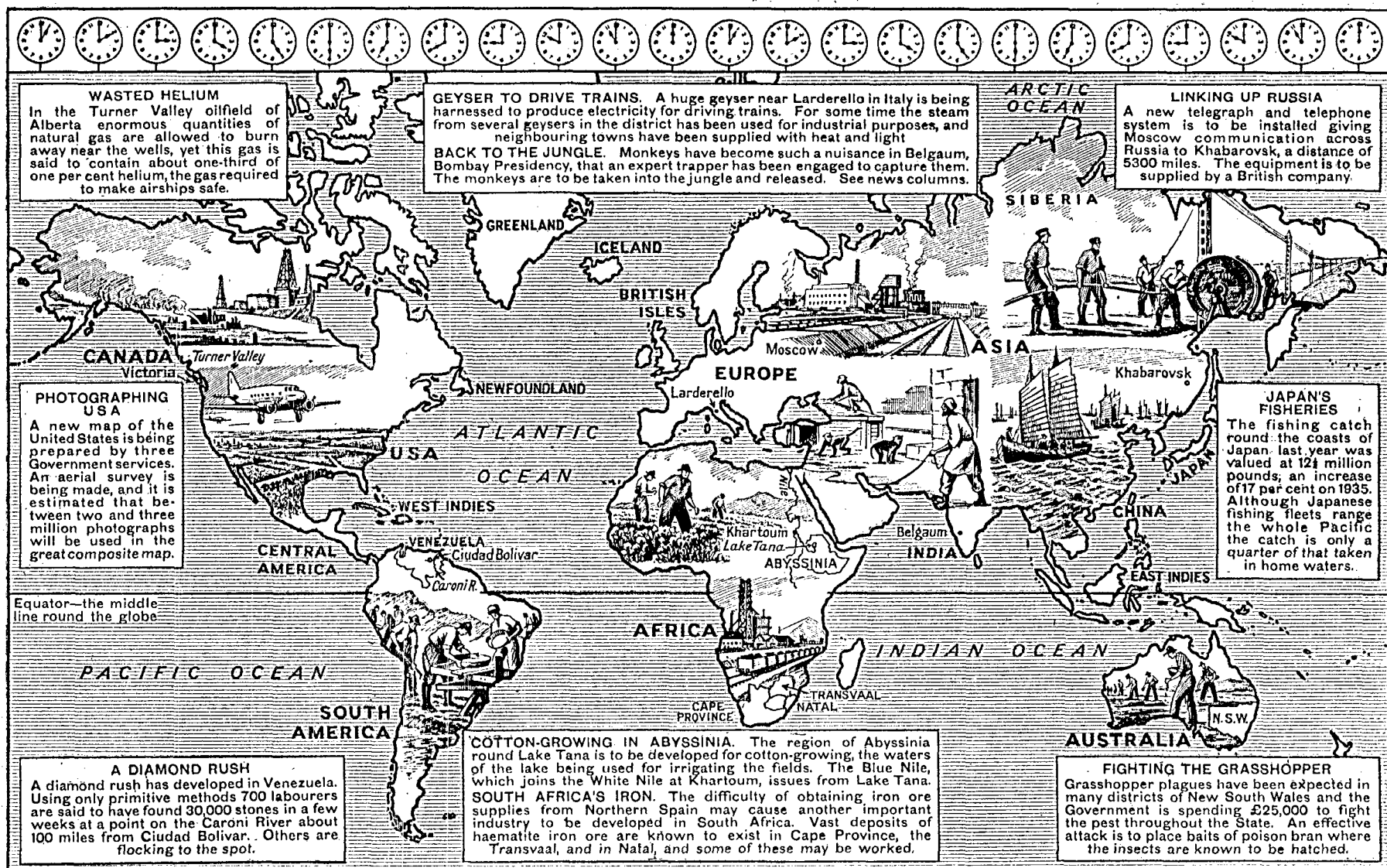
By Our Town Girl

One of the pleasantest ways in the world to spend a warm summer evening in London is to put two sandwiches and a bottle of lemonade in a bag, go to Westminster Bridge, and take the first launch that leaves. But nine times out of ten the journey is marred by the raucous voice of the Megaphone Man giving out information that only half the boat-load cares to hear. This is the sort of thing that makes coach tours obnoxious and renders life on trains in America unbearable.

We hear that Cadbury Brothers have devised a method of showing visitors their famous model town of Bournville which launches and coaches would do well to follow. It conveys information to those who want it, leaving others in peace. The Noise-Abatement Society should take it up fervently.

This is the method: To each occupant of the coach a leaflet is handed on which the points of interest are described and numbered. The silent guide sits in the front seat with a lapful of large numbers on cards. As the various places are approached the guide simply holds the corresponding number aloft. This is a great saving of the guide's voice, but a still greater saving of the passengers' ears, if they happen to be noise-haters wanting to enjoy the beauties of England in their own quiet way.

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



THE SUN AND THE HONEYCOMB

News About the Bees

Beekeepers are high-hearted men today, for the bees are at the clover, and staggering away laden.

But, one would say, do not bees visit the white clover every year? They do, but only they and a few scientists know that in some years, prolific in clover bloom, their visits are fruitless, and the hives so little fed with honey as to bring disaster to their occupants.

At last we know why. Dr Moore Ede, with the aid of the experimental station of the Worcester County Council, and of some independent observers, has made a surprising discovery. It is that unless the temperature of the soil on which clover grows rises regularly in summertime to a height of some 66 degrees nectar does not form in the clover blossoms, and so a clover patch is as a Mother Hubbard's cupboard to the poor bees.

Last year had a very chilly July, so the clover was dry of honey, and bees, deprived of a principal source of food, died wholesale up and down the country. The two preceding years had a subsoil temperature of over 66 degrees; there was an abundant flow in the clover, and hives ran rich with honey.

Here, then, is another and unsuspected example of the value of the sun's work for us all. This year's sunshine ripens not only this year's fruit, but the wood from which next year's fruit will spring; it warms the waters flowing to the sea and ensures a mighty growth of the microscopic food on which fish larvae feed; it enriches the bones and blood of our children and cures or prevents rickets; and it not only perfects the flowers from which bees derive their nectar, but acts as a soil incubator to convert a field of clover into a reservoir of honey awaiting the coming of the bees.

Victoria's 75th Birthday

British Columbia is celebrating the 75th birthday of its capital this week.

Although the province's first Parliament Buildings were erected there as long ago as 1859, it was not till three years after that Victoria received its charter, beginning a new lease of life on August 2, 1862.

Today, with a population of 60,000, it has 130 factories, 14 hotels, and about 900 stores; but the glory of the town is its superb natural setting, giving it a claim to being one of the world's most beautiful cities. The oldest town in the province, it is built on Vancouver Island, its harbour sheltering many ships and its fine streets and handsome buildings making a picture of which every Canadian may well be proud.

Known at first as Fort Camosun, Victoria was founded in 1849 by James Douglas, who had been sent north from Port Vancouver by Governor Simpson of the Hudson Bay Company. For years its population did not number 500, but the gold-rush of 1858 saw 30,000 prospectors crowding into the town, and toward the end of the century the building of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway led to the firm establishment of Victoria as a busy and prosperous town.

What Makes the Wind Blow?

Mr Gordon Manley of Durham University has received from the Leverhulme Research Trust a grant for research which will enable him to spend 18 months investigating the causes of the helm wind which blows at the top of Cross Fell in the Pennines. The helm wind blows from the east, giving the mountain a helmet of cloud.

FIRST AND LAST

Owen Murphy and Jack Robinson

Birkenhead's last tramcar has made its last run.

It was at Birkenhead that the first tramcars in Great Britain ran, the system being opened on August 30, 1860. The idea was introduced by an American, and the trams were drawn by horses. In 1901 the first electric tram to clatter through Birkenhead's streets was driven by Mr Owen Murphy, with Mr Jack Robinson as conductor; and when the last tram went on its last trip a few days ago Owen Murphy was at the wheel, and Jack Robinson, now an inspector, punched the tickets for the mayor and councillors.

Monkeys Everywhere

India, home of myriads of monkeys, is having trouble with them.

Monkeys are among the animals sacred to Hindus, so that violence must not be employed to destroy or even to dispel them. Some sites, indeed, are the scene of trusts created by wealthy Hindus who have left funds from which they are daily fed, year after year.

In the towns the unchecked numbers of monkeys are a nuisance and a menace to health. They swarm down the roofs of the shops and bazaars, pilfer nuts and fruits and anything else appealing to their taste, and, clambering back again to seclusion, eat their booty unchallenged, for no pious native dares stop them.

But there are ways even with sacred monkeys. At Belgaum, in Bombay Presidency, the civic authorities have engaged an expert hunter who will trap the monkeys without causing them harm and, loaded to the top of his cart, will set off for the jungle and liberate them there.

See World Map

SHEEP ACROSS THE WORLD

Natural Changes in the Dominions

Two cables from the Antipodes are like a comment on the effects of man's intrusion into the wilds.

Australia has at present 13 million sheep. In the sister Dominion, New Zealand, kea parrots are killing sheep.

A century ago Australian sheep were numbered by the hundred; they were newcomers to a land which knew neither sheep, goats, cattle, horses, apes, deer, pigs, rats, cats, hares, hedgehog, rabbit, mouse, nor rat.

New Zealand at the same time had only such sheep as the early pioneers had taken there. At that time the kea was a purely vegetarian bird.

Australia has no foe of domestic stock except drought; but the New Zealand parrot, beginning by picking up trifles about the sheep stations, grew to like fat taken from the hides of dead sheep, and from that they took to searching for the same dainty from the living sheep.

There we have a continent which has completely changed the character of its living animals, and, across Tasman Sea, a breed of birds which have changed from seed-eaters to flesh-eaters, a fact which naturalists would have thought quite impossible if they had not seen it.

A Little Good News

An item of good news comes from the South Seas.

A talking-picture outfit is at last being provided for the exiles who live on the Island of Makogai, in the Fiji group. Alas for them! Makogai is a leper colony.

For some years these exiles have had silent moving pictures. Now they will have talkies also.

SATURN AND HIS RADIANT RINGS

Were They Once a Moon Like Ours?

By the C N Astronomer

The beautiful world of Saturn is now coming into view late in the evening and may be seen after about 11 o'clock, low in the south-east sky.

At present this planet rises a little to the south of east soon after 10 o'clock, but as this happens about half an hour earlier each week Saturn will soon be prominent in the early evening.

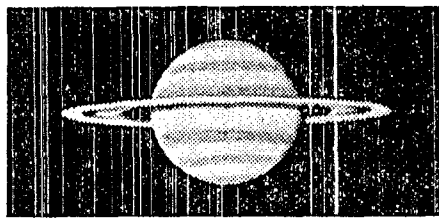
There can be no mistaking Saturn, for there are no bright first-magnitude stars in that part of the heavens, though brilliant Jupiter is in the south and the reddish Mars low in the south-west. We have thus three bright planets stretched across the sky, adorning a region deficient in really bright stars.

Saturn is, however, much the farthest from us, being at present about 840 million miles away, while Jupiter is 408 million miles, and Mars only 60 million. The two last planets are receding from us while Saturn is coming nearer, and in six weeks will be at his nearest, and 791 million miles away. (It will be interesting to note the apparent approach of Mars to Jupiter, the two worlds appearing to pass one another quite close, but not until the evening of October 29.)

Countless Moonlets

Meanwhile Saturn will add considerably to the interest of the evening sky, particularly to possessors of even small astronomical telescopes, one with an object glass of only two inches being sufficient to display his wonderful Rings of countless moonlets, and also the motions of Saturn's largest satellite Titan, and even a glimpse of his cloud belts when conditions are good.

The glory of Saturn is his radiant Rings, and these are now beginning to open out, having reached the stage shown in the picture. It will be remembered that at this time last year they had closed up, and all that was visible for some months after was a straight and narrow needle of light; they vanished again in December, but now have reappeared for good—that is, for the next 14 years, unless, of course, disaster should occur and they crashed down upon the planet, as used, at one time, to be thought possible, as the Rings are sometimes, and in some parts,



Present appearance of Saturn

closer to Saturn than at others. As they have been revolving round Saturn for hundreds of millions of years this is not likely to happen, for there are actually no signs of instability, their changing positions relative to Saturn being produced by the varying attractions of the ever-changing arrangements of Saturn's ten satellites.

As Sir James Jeans has shown, Saturn's Rings are really more stable than our Moon; and he has pointed out that ages ago "Saturn's Rings were in all probability produced by the breakage of a single satellite," which had ventured too close to the immense gravitational pull of Saturn's great sphere—a fate which Sir James Jeans foresees for our Moon millions of years hence.

Mathematical calculations have shown that our Moon will gradually come closer to the Earth, as a consequence of the slowing down of the Earth's rotation and the Moon's revolution, by tidal friction, so that eventually the Moon

QUEEN'S GOLD CUP

First Maori Baby Born in England

Our New Zealand correspondent sends us the story of the first Maori baby born in England.

The Maoris are the brown-skinned natives of New Zealand; and a fine athletic race they are. Recently there came to London for the Coronation a Maori member of the New Zealand Parliament, Mr Tirikatene, who was also a soldier in the New Zealand contingent. Maori Rugby footballers are well known on the playing-fields of England, especially George Nepia.

In 1863, when most of the Maoris were still living in their primitive state in the forests of New Zealand, there arrived in England a party of Maoris who had been induced to leave their native land by an Englishman. He wanted them to sing at public entertainments, but this they objected to, and they left him.

Queen Victoria as Godmother

Queen Victoria became interested in these brown-skinned subjects from so distant a corner of her Empire, and specially interested was she in the first Maori baby born in England. The parents were Mr and Mrs Hare Pomare. The Queen commanded that everything needful was to be provided for the Maoris, and even provided them with a free passage home. Her Majesty wished to be the baby's godmother, and chose its name herself, Albert Victor. To the parents she sent a gold cup inscribed "Albert Victor, from his godmother Queen Victoria." The cup is now in Auckland Museum.

The name Pomare is a famous one in New Zealand history. Not many years ago there died a great spokesman of the Maori race, Sir Maui Pomare, one of the few Maori leaders to receive a knighthood from the King. Sir Maui was a member of the New Zealand Parliament for a quarter of a century. He was trained as a doctor, and became New Zealand's Minister of Health.

London's Forgotten Guests

About this time each year the daily papers usually have a photograph of several curly-headed, dark-skinned children leaning out of a railway carriage and smiling gleefully.

This year that photograph has not appeared, for there has not been enough money to give the coloured children of London their day's outing. While the strangers who came from abroad to the Coronation have been feasted and welcomed, our permanent stranger-guests have been neglected.

The League of Coloured Peoples, which looks after as many as it can of the coloured people who live in England, hopes to make up for this disappointment by arranging a Christmas party.

"The Jews are only guests in our country, and they had better remember that, and behave," wrote a German to us recently. The League of Coloured Peoples deserves our support for what it has done in six years to give England a better reputation as regards her stranger-guests.

Continued from the previous column

will get so close (some 12,000 miles away) that the tidal strain would break the Moon into myriads of fragments, which would continue revolving round our world in a manner similar to Saturn's Rings, the nearest portions of these, by the way, being only some 7000 miles above Saturn's equator.

During the next 14 years we shall look up at Saturn's Rings from underneath, as it were, and not from above as hitherto.

G. F. M.

FEATHERS

Few things are more commonplace than feathers, but few more wonderful.

Soft and light as they are, they are marvellously strong and durable, and they give the birds of the air their beautiful plumage. They are waterproof, keeping off the rain. They protect the body and keep it warm. They are an aid to flight. The great pinions of the eagle and vulture, the tiny wings of the humming-bird flashing among the trees, all are covered with feathers. Our British birds with their lovely plumage, the tropical birds in brilliant apparel, owe their charm to feathers. Even the splendour of the peacock is no deeper than his feathers.

In Phrase and Fable

For centuries feathers were supremely important. It was a feather from a bird which the wisest men used for setting down their greatest thoughts. Feathers sent good news round the world, fixed and made permanent the law of the land, and preserved the world's noblest ideas, for quills were used as pens for a thousand years.

Feathers have found their way into our everyday speech. We say birds of a feather flock together, and that fine feathers make fine birds. We speak of feathering our own nest if we are doing well for ourselves; and we have the curious phrase, that's a feather in his cap, a saying which is perhaps linked with the old custom, once common among Hungarians, of wearing a feather to show that they had killed a Turk.

The Boy on the Tower

To show the white feather is to be a coward, a relic, it is thought, of the bad old days when cock-fighting was a national sport, no cock with white feathers being considered suitable for the pit.

A little wind will blow a feather a long way, and there was a day in the 18th century when Yarmouth folk looked up in astonishment to see feathers flying in the air. Over the roofs and out to sea went the feathers, and no one knew where they were coming from till someone saw a little figure high up on the church tower. It was young Astley Cooper, a mischievous boy who had run off with two of his mother's pillows, climbed as high as he could, and emptied the feathers over the respectable people of Yarmouth. It was this young scamp who afterwards became one of the greatest surgeons of his day.

The Gossip and the Chickens

Another story of flying feathers is told of a foolish Irish woman who repeated tales about her neighbours. One day she found that something she had said had made trouble for another woman. She was sorry. Going to the priest she confessed, asking what she must do as a penance. "Go to market tomorrow (said the priest), buy two chickens, and pluck them as you are coming home. When you have done that, come and tell me."

The woman went to market, bought two chickens, and plucked them as she was coming home. Then she went to tell the priest.

"Now (said the priest) there remains only one thing to do. Go back and gather up all the feathers."

He knew, of course, that she could not gather them up, but he meant to teach her a lesson—that words are like feathers on the wind, easily spoken, but impossible to get back.

MAKING A DREAM COME TRUE

The Two Old Ladies of Syria

"All one has to do to make a day-dream come true is to put a foundation under it."

So wrote Miss Webb, and she ought to know, for she has seen one of her day-dreams become a very solid fact. This is a Social Centre for the children of Trad, in Syria.

Miss Webb and her sister have been missionaries to the Armenian refugees in Syria, and, though they have nominally retired and the younger of the two is 78, they seem to be continuing their service. Early last year they stood on a bare piece of ground, considering whether they could purchase it. Now there stands on it a grey brick building with a playground. It is not a church, nor is it to be known as the work of the Webb sisters; but it is hoped that all the churches in the neighbourhood will help to build it up, for it is to house a women's meeting (run by Danes), a library, a kindergarten, and a games room, mainly for the joy of children who were born in refugee camps and have only recently known the experience of living in houses.

Their lives in their new home town of Trad should certainly be the happier as the result of the self-sacrifice of these two elderly ladies who, having been through the horror of the massacres of the Armenians, have dreamed of better times for the next generation, and have seen to it that a solid foundation has been given to their dreams.

BRIGHT, BRISK SCHOLARS

Devouring Dictionaries and Encyclopedias

Mr Richard Curie has told us that William Rossetti, brother of the poet, bought the Encyclopedia Britannica when he was 80 years old, and began to read it through from A to Z, omitting only the articles on mathematics.

We know of many people who have read through a much more widely distributed work, the Children's Encyclopedia; but devotion to works of this character was born long ago in stout-hearted students who gloried in dictionaries and read them with the delight which some travellers find in guide books and time-tables.

We know that the first William Pitt found time to read a dictionary from end to end, and a poet followed his example, for Robert Browning, when he determined to make poetry his career, read every word in Johnson's Dictionary, a feat in which he was equalled by Thomas Binney, who ascribed to that discipline his mastery of good English for his sermons.

John Ruskin wrote to Dr James Murray, editor of the great Oxford Dictionary, telling him that he had read and studied every word in its first volume, and Thomas Buckle, the historian, once solemnly stated that such and such a dictionary was "one of the few dictionaries I have read through with pleasure!" There were giants in those days.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Drawing by Watteau	£5800
1st ed. Keats's Poems, 1817	£920
Landscape by Constable	£389
Chinese jade plaque	£289
1st ed. Shelley's Queen Mab, 1813	£280
Painting by Jean Corot	£242
Walt Whitman, 1st ed., 1855	£195
Letter by Oliver Goldsmith, 1753	£180
Letter by Shelley, 1818	£140

FIRE OPAL

Complete Story
By Christopher Beck

CHAPTER 1

The Start

SOME small object lying in the path reflected the last rays of the setting sun and shone with a liquid, crimson glow like a spark of living fire. With a gasp of delight Dick Denver stooped and picked it up.

"Got it!" he said, and stood gazing at a chip of fire opal, the most precious of all precious stones found in the volcanic country of Queensland.

Somewhere, not far off, was the pit from which this stone had been dug, and Dick stared round at the grey-green scrub and wondered in which direction he should begin his search.

But already the sun was setting, it was time to get back to his camp. In the morning he would find the mine. Now that he had the chip which Brownell had dropped he would not have much trouble. More than a year earlier a man had staggered into the small station at Yatala, which Dick's father owned. He was dying of malaria. The Denvers were good to him, and, before he died, this man, whose name was Benjamin Brownell, had told them of his find of opal.

"It's a pocket," he had said, "but it's rich. I was bad when I found it. All I could do was to take a sample and climb out. When I got to the path I fell down. I reckon I dropped my sample. I've got no kin, so I leave it to you—and I only hope you can find it."

The Denvers had not bothered about the mine. They were too busy. Then came drought. Not a drop of rain for months. Water-holes dried up, cattle died. When the rain came at last it was too late. Mr Denver had not money left to pay interest on his mortgage and had to tell his wife and son that they would have to leave at Christmas. What they would do then he did not know.

So Dick started looking for Brownell's precious mine.

Day after day he searched and night after night he slept under the stars, wrapped in a blanket. He had begun to think that the whole thing was a fever dream of poor Brownell, and had been on the point of giving up when that spark of light had caught his eye.

Imagine his joy as he hurried back to his camping-place. Even if it were only a pocket, as Brownell had said, the opal would be worth enough to pay the interest. That would give them a fresh start.

Dick's camp was under a great eucalyptus close to a small stream. He lit his fire, filled his billy at the brook, and began to mix a damper made of flour, water, and a pinch of baking soda. When the billy boiled he threw in half a handful of tea. The fire was now red embers. Dick raked them aside and dropped his damper, in the shape of a flat cake, on the hot earth. It began to rise at once, and, as he watched it, he was so happy that he sang.

A rough, coarse voice came from the darkness behind him.

"Hey, kid, you seems pleased with yourself."

Dick looked up to see a thick-set man in a blue shirt, a broad-brimmed felt hat, and trousers tied at the knee with string. No need to ask who he was. "Sundowner" was written big all over him. A sundowner is a tramp. He never works, but tramps from one station to another, being careful to arrive just before sundown—when he knows he will be safe for a ration.

Some sundowners are just lazy, others are vicious. Dick hadn't much doubt to which class this man belonged. He was dirty, unshaven, his eyes were small and red-rimmed and his lips thick. Not a nice person. For his age, which was fourteen, Dick Denver was short and slim, and this was rather a sore point with him, but he had plenty of sense in his small body.

"I was singing because I was lonely," he answered easily.

"You won't be lonely now," said the man, with a nasty grin. "Give us a mug o' tea."

Dick had but one mug, but he handed it over, and the man downed its contents in a couple of noisy gulps.

"Damper looks all right," he said, and picking it up began to devour it.

Dick boiled but tried not to show it.

"What are you doing of, out here by yourself?" the fellow asked.

"I'm on my way home from Joyceville," Dick said. "I live at Yatala."

The tramp's eyes narrowed and Dick's

heart sank. It was plain he didn't believe him. He wondered if the man had been watching him and seen him pick up the opal. "Tea's all right. Give us another mug," the man ordered.

He drank nearly all the tea, he ate the whole of the damper, and finished the cold meat Dick had brought with him. And all the time he watched Dick as a cat watches a mouse. When he could eat no more he unrolled his filthy blanket and without a word stretched himself and went to sleep.

Dick wanted to bolt, but the night was black as pitch, and it is death to get lost in the scrub. He had to stick it out. For hours he sat with his back against the tree, listening to the snores of his unpleasant visitor, then, in spite of himself, he fell asleep.

It was the sun striking through the branches above that roused him. He looked round. The man had gone.

Dick got up and followed his tracks. They led straight down the path. With a sigh of relief Dick went back and lit his fire. He had tea and flour left for a couple of days. He wasn't going home until he had found Brownell's mine.

CHAPTER 2

The Find

TWO hours later Dick found the mine.

Its mouth was only a couple of hundred yards from the place where he had picked up the chip, but was so hidden by bush that it could not be seen until he was right on top of it. The hole was at the foot of an outcrop of rock. It wasn't very deep, and the old windlass and rope were still in position.

Dick's heart thumped with excitement; but that did not make him careless. He unwound the rope and tried it. The ends were rotten but the middle part fairly sound. He decided it would bear his weight, which was only a little over six stone. He tied one end to a post of the windlass, then made sure that his torch was working and that his matches and knife were in his pocket; after that he went down.

He went cautiously. Snakes sometimes harbour in old mines. The shaft was less

than twenty feet deep. The bottom was thick with dead leaves. He saw no sign of anything living so dropped and took a good look round.

A low-roofed tunnel ran straight in, and Dick went cautiously along it. It was not timbered, but the floor, roof, and walls were of hard greyish earth, and seemed sound. At any rate, there had been no falls from the roof. Dick went slowly, keeping the beam of his torch on the roof. But he saw no sign of opal.

The tunnel widened and grew higher, but the walls were irregular, and Dick saw that this was a natural rift, in fact a cave. Here it was rock, not earth, and it was volcanic rock.

The floor was rough and uneven and began to rise a little. Suddenly his torch struck a flash from the roof. He drew a quick breath, stopped, pulled out his big sheath knife, and with the blade began to dig around the shining object. A moment later he had unearthed a lump of opal as big as a sparrow's egg! It was rough, but it was true fire opal.

It was worth at least fifty pounds.

Dick's fingers shook so that he could hardly use the knife.

A minute later he had a second lump bigger than the first. Then he saw a third. It was deeper in and harder to get at, but as the soft rock came away he saw it was nearly as big as a hen's egg. It fell; he caught it and stood entranced, gazing at the finest piece of opal of which he had ever dreamed. Rough as it was, its iridescent colours gleamed like a bit of living rainbow. Dick could not estimate its worth, but knew that it must be hundreds of pounds.

"We're safe," he breathed, then a soft thump warned him of danger and, swinging round, he saw a pair of legs in corduroy trousers with string tied around the knees.

The sundowner! He had been watching all the time. Now he was in the mine!

In blind panic Dick hurried forward. Behind him he heard a jeering laugh. The fellow knew that Dick could not escape.

Dick felt like a rabbit in a bury with a ferret at its heels. He was sick with fear—not for himself but for his opals. To lose everything just at the moment of triumph was too bitter and dreadful to think of. He could not go back, so went forward.

A RUN ROUND FOR JACKO

ONE day Adolphus announced that Miss Ape had bought an electric lawn-mower. "It's a dinky little thing," he added. "No pushing needed. You just walk behind and guide it."

"Cool!" cried Jacko. "It'll be money for jam the next time I trim her lawn!"

"There'll be no next," retorted his brother. "The lady means to do it

Jacko itched to try it. Presently he persuaded Miss Ape to let him carry on with the mowing while she rested indoors.

Miss Ape agreed. "But on no account go quickly," she ordered. "There's no knowing what might happen if it got out of control."

Jacko grinned. No sooner had she disappeared than he touched a switch



Miss Ape came running out in a great state

herself. She's tired of paying you to do it badly," he added.

Jacko flared up, and declared he would never go near Miss Ape's house again.

He kept his word, until one sunny afternoon when he heard a curious whirring in the next-door garden. Leaning over the hedge, he saw Miss Ape piloting the new mower up and down the lawn.

Miss Ape saw Jacko too. "Delightful, isn't it?" she chirped. "Come and look."

Jacko ran round to the gate, and was soon busy tinkering with the machine.

"What's this gadget?" he asked.

"That regulates it to go slowly," answered Miss Ape. "This one the other side makes it go fast."

and the machine shot forward, nearly pulling him over.

"Hi! Whoa!" he yelled, careering round the lawn, holding on to the handles. "How the dickens can I stop this brute?"

He was too flustered to find the switch, and was nearly breathless when Miss Ape came running out.

"You wicked lad!" she cried, and then ran round after him to try to stop the machine.

She did—but not before it had mowed down her favourite flower bed and cut right through Father Jacko's trim hedge.

And there it stuck, till Father, purple with anger, dislodged it.

But the rift grew smaller. In a few steps he would come to the end or stick.

"Come out of it. I wants them opals." The tramp's rough voice filled Dick with dull despair. But he did not obey. He went on.

"Come out. It'll be the worse for you if I has to come after you."

It was a threat now. The fellow was growing angry.

Frantically Dick pushed forward. The crack was so narrow it was all he could do to force himself along. The roof was getting lower, too. He had to creep. He felt half suffocated.

"Come out or it'll be the worse for you," snarled his enemy.

He was following now, but Dick knew he could not reach him. Not that that would help, for the man had only to wait until Dick was forced out by thirst and starvation.

Dick stuck fast. He went flat on his stomach and wriggled forward. Suddenly he found himself in a wider space. Then his light went out.

As he tried desperately to get it working again he realised that the place he was in was not quite dark. He pushed forward again, and his heart fairly bounded as he saw a gleam of daylight overhead. A way out but a long way up.

Could he climb to it?

He struck a match and saw a rift, a mere crack sloping steeply upwards. He began to climb. Behind him the sundowner was fairly bellowing, uttering the most frightful threats. Dick hardly heard them, for every ounce of energy and muscle power was needed for the climb. Once he slipped, and only saved himself by clinging with one hand to a projection; higher up he stuck, and had to cut away a knob of rock with his knife before he could pass.

CHAPTER 3

The Tables Turned

FOOT by foot he won his way up, and at last scrambled over the rim of the pit and dropped in a heap. Every stitch on him was wet, his fingers were raw, and his nails cracked and broken. His muscles ached for rest, but there was no rest for him. At any minute his enemy might discover how he had been fooled and come after him. His job now was to get home, but the distance was more than ten miles, and Dick felt that he would drop before he got half way. One comfort was that he had come out on the far side of the mound and was out of sight of the shaft by which he had gone down.

He got to his feet, and was creeping away through the bush when a frightful shriek shook the hot, still air and echoed into the distance.

Dick pulled up short. That was the tramp, but what had happened? Perhaps it was a trick to decoy him back.

A moment's thought assured him that this was not so. No one could have yelled like that unless he was scared almost to death. Dick hid his opals in a hole under a root, then turned and crept very quietly back. Now he heard a sound of groaning and, going softly to the mouth of the shaft, looked over.

The tramp lay at the bottom with the rope on top of him.

It was plain what had happened. The fellow had tried to climb out, but the rope which had borne Dick's light weight had broken under the heavy strain, and the fellow had taken a tumble.

"Are you much hurt?" Dick asked. "I'm dying," groaned the man, but he moved and sat up.

"I don't believe you," Dick said. "There's a regular mattress of leaves down there. You fell soft enough."

"Help me out," moaned the other.

"How can I?" retorted Dick. "I haven't any rope. See here, I'll lower some water to you, then I'll go and get help."

Without waiting for a reply, Dick went off, got his billy, filled it at the stream, came back and lowered it with a string.

"Make the most of it," he said. "You'll be here till tomorrow."

He went back, got his opals, had a good drink from the brook, started on his long tramp, and reached home a little before it was dark.

His father's delight when he saw the opals was more than reward for all Dick had done, and the interest with which his father and mother listened to his story was very soothing.

"All right," said his father when Dick had finished. "We'll send the police to collect the fellow tomorrow. And, Dick!"—he paused and laughed—"never again will I chaff you about being small. And if your body is small no one can say that of your pluck."

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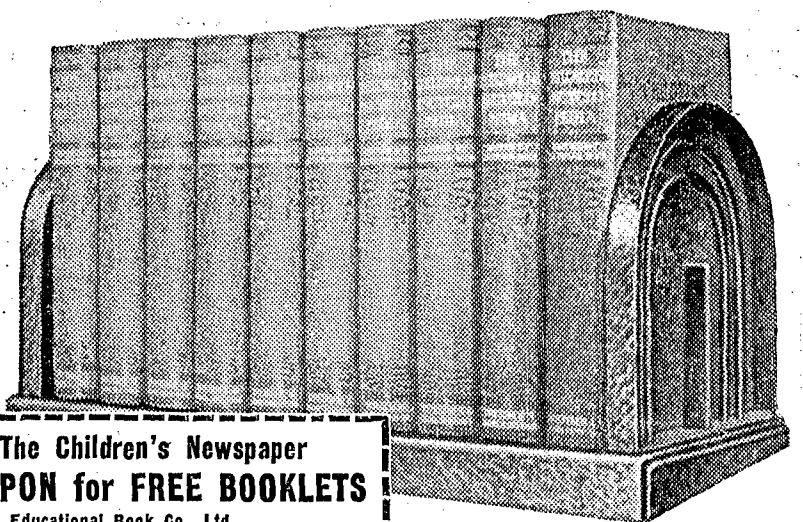
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